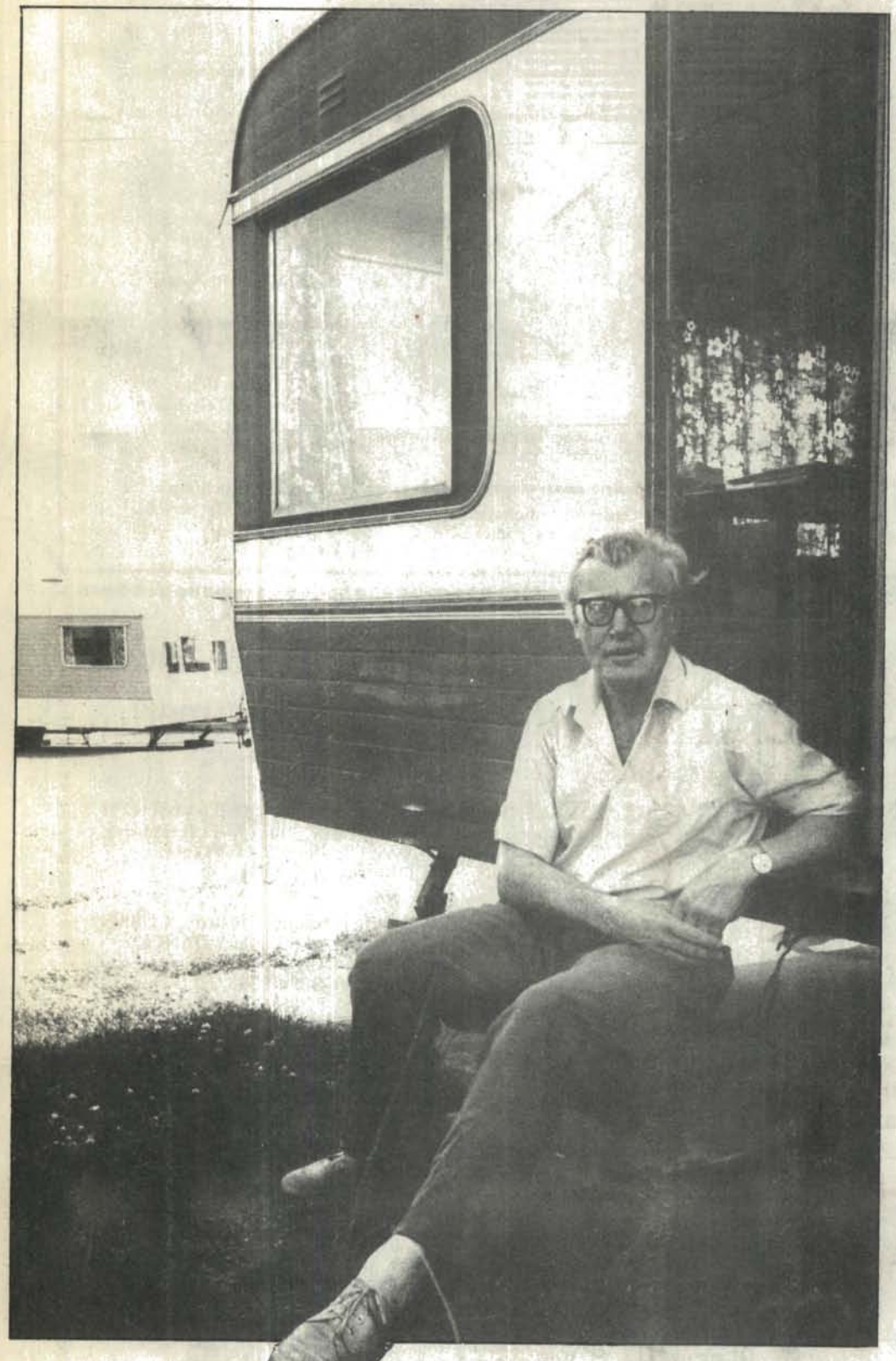
New Statesman

22 July 1983 70p IR £1.02 US$1.50 By Air



John Taylor used to be a nuclear scientist at Windscale.

Now he lives on the dole in a caravan.

On page 8, we explain why.

Barber shops • Cyril Connolly • Fitt's downfall

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

New Statesman

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1983 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Papadopoulos
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-253 2001
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, Stephen Mitchell 01-251 5487

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £29, Overseas £32
Air mail:
Europe £36, Middle East £39, Africa, India, South America £40, Australasia, Far East £45, USA $79, Canada $92

Unsolicited manuscripts will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

Cover photo: Bill Willcox/Carlisle Photo-News

Nuclear victims
Rob Edwards examines the cases of four scientists who have suffered for their views. p.8

Labour's machine
The third and final part of our examination of what is wrong with the way the Labour Party works p.14

Dictator at bay
Leslie Crawford looks back on General Pinochet's decade in power p.20

Portrait of a mood
Christopher Hitchens assesses Cyril Connolly's life and work p.23

Order out of chaos
John Spurling praises Ben Nicholson p.28

News pp.4-6
Peter Kellner: Labour leadership 'minifestos' p.7
Malcolm Imrie: Revolutionary Left's election analysis p.10
Mary Holland: Gerry Fitt p.12
Norman Jones: Barber shop blues p.12
Diary: Patricia Hewitt p.16
Roger Woddis p.16
Gary Mead: Under martial law p.17
Martin Bailey: Guthrie's odious guest p.18
Victoria Brittain: Good old Felix p.18
Jan Kavan: Ladislav Lis on trial p.19
This England p.20
Bretécher p.21
Letters p.22
Premen Addy: Pakistan p.24
Patricia Craig: Colette p.24
Basil Davidson: Cabral p.25
Gillian Wilce: Reich and Neill p.26
Ken Worpole: Poem p.26
Shorter reviews p.27
Richard Deveson: Fiction p.28
John Coleman: Films p.30
Mary Harron: Television p.30
Jules Lubbock: Design p.31
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre p.32
Weekend competition p.32
Anna Coote: First person p.33
Crossword p.34
Listings p.35

THE LAST JUDGEMENT

by ALFREDO CORDAL

"The Second Coming will be the rise of the voice and power of the poor."

Latin America. Detained and tortured for his Liberationist views, a young priest undergoes the agony of the Passion as vibrant mystical visions fill his cell and mind.

JULY 27 — AUGUST 27
8pm Finborough

OLD RED LION
AUG. 9 ~ AUG. 27
£2·50
TUES ~ SUN

FINBOROUGH ARMS
FINBOROUGH ROAD
LONDON SW10
JULY 27~30 : AUG 3~6
£2·50 (£1·80 UB40)
TEL. 373 3842

A FINBOROUGH THEATRE CLUB PRODUCTION

The first production of Alfredo Cordal's committed and adventurous play.

FESTIVAL for Peace and FREEDOM in Latin America

3-10 September

Sat. 3rd. Purcell Room 2.30-5pm DANIEL VIGLIETTI + others. Royal Festival Hall 7.30pm INTI ILLIMANI, JOHN WILLIAMS, DANIEL VIGLIETTI etc.
Box Office 01-928 3191

Sun. 4th. 7.30pm Bloomsbury Theatre. CUBAN BALLET, LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE, HOLLY NEAR. £4.
Box Office 01-387 9629

Mon. 5th-Fri. 9th. NATIONAL FILM THEATRE – 10 separate screenings of progressive L. American films incl. Battle of Chile Parts 1, 2 & 3.
Box Office 01-928 3232

Fri. 9th. CARIBBEAN NIGHT at ULU, Malet Street, 7pm. CALYPSO, POEMS, REGGAE. £2.50.
Tickets 01-272 4298

Sat. 10th. All-Day Festival on Central America – films, theatre, video, mime, painting, singers from El Salvador and Nicaragua. Lots for children.
£2, £1 unwaged

All details from CSC, 129 Seven Sisters Road, N7
01-272 4298. Organised by Chile Solidarity Campaign as part of GLC Peace Year

RECEIVED
JUL 29
Ambassador College Library

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman Vol 106 No 2731 22 July 1983

New Deal time

FOR THE LAST three weeks we have carried articles of what were intended to be constructive criticism of the organisation of the Labour Party. No one supposes that organisation alone was responsible for the electoral rout on 9 June. That was a political failure of almost total proportions – a failure of communication and of leadership over a long period. But, if the Labour Party is to play an effective leading role over these next years in mobilizing the anti-Thatcher forces in society in a common positive campaign, a root and branch reform of the Party's organisation is at least a necessary first condition. Better organisation and method will not create by itself electoral support. But without it the Labour Party is certain to continue its slide.

The elongated leadership election campaign has clearly been a distraction, though in other countries and in other circumstances such political events usually provide political parties with a wonderful opportunity to project themselves positively to a wider audience. The Party is also still clearly in a collective state of shock of the kind that survivors typically experience after some traumatic accident. The real danger now, though, is that when the shock eventually wears off the Party will have one of two equally typical subsequent responses – blanking the accident from its collective mind as if it had never happened; or coming to think of it as truly just an accident and nothing more.

ONE THING IS certain about British politics over the next few years. It is that this Tory government will lose support. Even this time it was elected by a smaller share of the popular vote than in 1979. That share will fall as the cumulative failures of its social and economic policies become increasingly obvious. But there is no corresponding certainty – perhaps at the moment even no real liklihood – that those shifting votes will come to Labour, unless there is now some fundamental shift in the way in which the Party projects itself and its policies.

For the Labour Party is at a political crossroads quite as critical for its future as that which faced the Tory Party after its crushing defeat in the 1945 election. In the Tory case the lessons of that election were absorbed at once. Within six years, in terms of ideology, policies and organisation, the Tories had turned themselves again into a credible national party, which in the event had an unbroken 13 years of power before it. What the Labour Party and its new leadership do in the next, say, eighteen months will determine whether it can once again become a movement for social improvement, carrying majority political support; or whether it further contracts as a minority socialist party seeking change by persuasion and by activity outside Parliament.

For those who think that it would be a historical disaster for the Labour Party to give up its aspirations of forming the next government, the facts of the present political situation must be faced squarely, for they are daunting. In southern, central and western England – outside London – the Party has effectively been wiped out so far as the House of Commons is concerned. In the whole of this numerically critical area there is scarcely a single seat where on today's showing Labour would stand a chance of winning a by-election.

REBUILDING THE LABOUR Party – for that is what it amounts to if it is going again to become a majority party – will require a different approach in respect of leadership, policy and organisation. We remain of the view that Neil Kinnock is the best placed of the current candidates for the leadership to achieve an effective rebuilding, though his 'manifesto' for the leadership does not in itself provide much evidence that he has yet grasped the scale and thoroughness of the task with which he would be faced. But, so far as the leadership as a whole is concerned, it would kill at a stroke Labour's chances of winning the next election if Michael Meacher was to be elected as his deputy. There is nothing personal at all in that judgment. Michael Meacher is an intelligent, dedicated and sincere socialist (and sometime contributor to the *New Statesman*). But a Kinnock-Meacher ticket would be an unmistakeable signal that Labour's electoral college had played to its logical conclusion the kind of left-right struggle for power within the Party that has been going on since 1979 and was not collectively concerned with making Labour once again the political expression of a new majority coalition.

But the personalities of leadership are insignificant beside the need for the Labour Party to articulate an ideology, a vision of how it would like society to be. In many ways this is more important for the credibility of Labour as the alternative government than the detailed policies, which have been pouring as a torrent from the 35 sub-committees and working groups of the NEC. For since 1964, when Harold Wilson and Tony Benn made Labour briefly the party of new technology, it has effectively had no popular ideology. Within, there have been minority ideological arguments of terrible intensity. But without, the party has often seemed to have become little more than an electoral machine, concerned almost exclusively with getting the vote out on the day.

A popular ideology must be expressed in positive terms. It must embrace moves towards greater equality in society; the extension of democracy and participation in the workplace; the strengthening of civil liberties; the development of effective non-nuclear defence policies. The Party must establish its claim positively to be the party of greater freedom, greater choice and greater opportunity for the majority of the people who live in this country.

Above all, in its present state, the Party must become a campaigning party. To do this effectively (despite what Labour's General Secretary writes in this week's Letters) major reform is required of the party's machinery. We all know how little money is available to the Labour Party, but that makes it all the more urgent that scarce resources are deployed effectively. Walworth Road, the PLP, the front bench spokespersons and their assistants, above all the Leader's office have not, to put it mildly, been an effective and coordinated system for spreading a political message over the past five years. Putting that to rights is, therefore, an urgent priority for the new leadership and the new National Executive. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spike Island, where kids use asbestos as chalk

LATE ONE night last September, a white dust settled over Salford, Manchester, after a series of explosions ripped through a storage warehouse. A fire had been started inside by teenage boys, and suddenly 30 tonnes of sodium chlorate blew up 'like mushroom clouds', as one observer described it. Seventy people were taken to hospital suffering from cuts and the effects of smoke, 700 people had to be evacuated, and the explosions were heard for miles around Manchester.

The white dust from the warehouse settled over everything in a five-mile radius round Salford. Salford City Council's chief executive Roger Rees quickly announced that the factory's chemicals were non-toxic, but was this the point? White asbestos and cement had been used in the warehouse roof, and the intense heat of the explosion had destroyed the cement's binding properties, flinging chunks of both asbestos and cement up into the air.

Now, 10 months later, asbestos fragments are still lying in the streets of Salford. On the nearby Spike Island council estate, pieces of it are visible everywhere – on the roofs, in the flower beds and on the pavements. The estate has since been cleaned and swept several times, but only the large chunks of asbestos cement have been removed. Now the council are refusing to do any more.

Joe Cronshaw, a resident on the estate, began to be concerned as soon as the explosion happened. 'The asbestos cement was being broken up by the traffic, and people were sweeping it away with the other chemicals,' he says. 'And the worst thing is that kids are still using asbestos as chalk to play games with.'

He started repeatedly phoning the council's environmental health department, but says he met with little response. 'I couldn't get them to take the dangers seriously,' he says. Eventually Cronshaw became so frustrated with the council that he took out a private summons against it under the Public Health Act of 1936. He sought to have a 'nuisance order' laid against the authority to try to get them finally to clear the asbestos up. The summons was lodged in February and was finally heard before Salford stipendiary magistrate Cecil Latham on 23 June.

On Cronshaw's side were a neighbour, Fred Hasson, a researcher in asbestos from the Institute of Advanced Studies at Manchester Polytechnic, David Hiett, an analyst from the National Occupational Hygiene Service Ltd (he had independently examined the estate) and Cronshaw's solicitor, Darryl Nolan. Cronshaw had not been able to get any legal aid and, as he is unemployed, nearly everyone had given their services free. Nolan had applied to the Law Society to get some extra cash to pay for a doctor as witness, but they had turned him down.

On the other side were Peter Wright, Salford's environmental health officer, and three other witnesses, including an academic from Salford University.

Hiett was able to testify that the asbestos pieces he found on the Spike Island pavements were soft and fibrous, and that the soil in the flower beds was also contaminated. But he is not a doctor, and so was not qualified to say whether it would be harmful to people's health.

In his evidence, Hasson quoted from the government's Simpson Committee report on asbestos: 'We have failed to identify a threshold below which there is no evidence of adverse effects.' However, the magistrate seemed to be more impressed with the council team's evidence. They accepted in court that asbestos fragments were still on the estate, but fought hard to prove it was safe. Quoting from a report by the Asbestos Research Council – funded by the asbestos industry – the main plank of their case was that asbestos would only be dangerous after a *lifetime* of exposure. And the magistrate accepted the council's testimony that the fragments left on the estate would not harm health. Before dismissing the case Latham said that asbestos was an 'emotive issue' and that it was understandable for Cronshaw to be worried if he saw children playing with it. He did turn down the authority's application for costs.

'The point we tried to make in court,' says Hasson 'was that after recent media revelations on asbestos, people are not going to trust official statements about asbestos any more. Time and time again assurances have been given about the safety of asbestos, and then time and time again the statements have been proved wrong – but the trouble is, they wouldn't wear this in court.'

Yet, although the council insists the coating of asbestos can harm no one, and is therefore under no obligation to clear the council estate, it has strict protective measures for its own workers when they deal with asbestos. Respirators have to be worn when minor repairs are being carried out on asbestos in roofs and guttering; the asbestos has to be kept wet; no power drills should be used, and the public are evacuated from the area. And no council employee is allowed to carry out major repairs on asbestos – that has to be done by licensed contractors.

As for Spike Island, environmental health officer Wright now says that it would be 'virtually impossible' to pick up all the pieces of asbestos. Joe Cronshaw is planning to continue his campaign by calling a public meeting, but as he says: 'The magistrate's decision has made it very difficult for me to persuade people about the dangers of asbestos.'

Caroline Grist

Press Association

Salford, September 1982: the fire that started it all

Steel sulks in his tent

DAVID STEEL, who has just embarked on an unexplained 10-week holiday from leading the Liberal Party, is 'pissed off' according to the Party's President John Griffiths. This petulant state appears to have been caused more by the reluctance of Liberal Party members to accept the arranged marriage with the SDP than by the injustices of the electoral system.

Serious tensions within the Liberal Party emerged at the party's quarterly National Council meeting, where Griffiths was speaking, in Chester last weekend. The 244-member Council is the Liberal Party's governing body between Annual Assemblies and is normally a mini-conference junket. But, with the admirable discretion of the Tories, the Liberals discuss their differences behind closed doors, and this Council meeting was not open to outsiders.

Resistance to a closer alliance came all along the way. Two-fifths of the Council members voted – 73 to 106 – to censure Mr Griffiths for giving aid and comfort to an SDP candidate, Labour defector Colonel Richard Crawshaw. Although the colonel was the official Alliance candidate, he was opposed in Liverpool Broadgreen by a Liberal Party candidate, backed by the local party. Mr Griffiths's offence was to send a telegram of support to Col. Crawshaw. Similar action by Jo Grimond and Lord Winstanley was overlooked on the grounds that they were 'old men'.

Critics of the Alliance – and, implicitly, of Steel's leadership – did better in another motion criticising the Alliance manifesto for the general election for not containing sufficient Liberal policy. It was passed almost unanimously. Mr Tony Greaves, Secretary of the Association of Liberal Councillors, described the manifesto as a 'carve-up' between Steel and Roy Jenkins, expressing the two men's personal views with no reference to the views of the party in the country.

It is now certain that there will be moves at the Party assembly in Harrogate this September to end Steel's right as a leader to veto policy decisions made by the rank and file. However, Chief Whip and deputy leader Alan Beith told the Council that if the leader had his wings clipped in this way, 'not one of the sitting MPs would be willing to take on the leader's job'.

Eventually the day-long meeting finished more than two hours late as speakers condemned the fusion plans of the leadership which were taking place, they claimed, without consulting the membership.

John Lacey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Punishment for prison protests

JIMMY ANDERSON, in prison for murder, has now produced a statement confirming his allegation that he was assaulted by prison officers in Wormwood Scrubs on two separate occasions. He also gives the reasons for the events on Thursday 16 June (see *NS* 8 July).

Anderson says that D Wing prisoners, including himself, decided to stage a protest following reports of Albany prisoners being 'badly mistreated by guards' and that 'for tactical reasons' no 'IRA men or ex-Albany prisoners took part in this demo'. The prisoners involved planned to take over the top landing of D Wing in order to display banners drawing attention to the alleged assaults of Albany prisoners. Five prison officers were 'taken captive' and locked into an office while the prisoners started building barricades.

Anderson says that the prison officers were not 'hurt in any way'. According to his statement the violence only began when '60 to 80' prison officers in riot gear broke onto the landing and, says Anderson, were 'battering indiscriminately' any prisoner they came across. This was the 'fighting' referred to in press reports at the time.

It was during this fighting that, says Anderson, he was knocked unconscious. He then repeats the allegation made by his mother previously that he was also assaulted in the punishment block. His statement names seven prison officers as being 'involved in assaulting me' and states that he intends to bring assault summons against them.

Anderson's statement also says that on Friday 24 June another prisoner, Tommy Tangey, went onto the laundry block roof to protest at the treatment of Jimmy Anderson and others. Tangey told a solicitor, who visited him on 12 July, that he was attacked by 15-20 prison officers carrying staves and subsequently spent three nights in the prison hospital. Tangey, whom the solicitor describes as 'very intelligent and coherent', was brought before the Board of Visitors sometime in the week after 24 June but the hearing was suspended because of Tangey's objections to video-film evidence which, he said, shows him but does not show the prison officers carrying staves.

Tangey, it is believed, is accused of threatening to kill prison officers yet the case is being heard internally. Tangey also said that while he is denied representation, the prison officer was being assisted by a representative from the Prison Officers Association. Finally, Tangey claimed that he is picked out for special treatment because of his detailed knowledge of, and repeated use of, prison regulations.

Last week the Home Office said that 28 prisoners have been charged with mutiny and/or incitement to mutiny following the Albany rooftop protest. Mutiny is the most serious offence under the prison disciplinary code and carries a sentence of unlimited loss of remission. In 1976, following a protest again at Albany, one prisoner, on a less serious charge, was sentenced to 690 days loss of remission – equivalent to a prison sentence of three years. These charges are heard in internal disciplinary proceedings where prisoners have no right as such to legal representation or to call witnesses. The last time prisoners were charged with mutiny and brought before outside courts was following the Parkhurst protest in 1969.

However, an editorial in the *New Law Journal* argues that the Home Office will avoid this happening again because some prisoners were acquitted and the public hearing not only guaranteed them basic legal rights but also allowed public ventilation of their grievances.

Terry O'Halloran

MISCELLANY

Flying doctor

Dr David Owen, the ravishing new leader of the SDP, is acquiring some strange admirers, and none stranger than the Thatcherite extremists at the Institute of Economic Affairs. The October issue of the Institute's *Journal of Economic Affairs* (edited by Arthur 'if it moves, privatise it' Seldon) will carry a long article in which Owen will set down his thoughts on economics and so forth. The feeling at the IEA, we are told, is that Owen 'is becoming a good chap – he's "drying out". He talks a lot about markets'. We are also told that Owen was meant to write the article a couple of months ago, but he then decided to leave it until after the election. Sensible fellow.

Greasy poll

Alliance deception of the electorate seems to have been even more widespread than we reported two weeks ago. Since our original story ('How party polls were used to mislead voters', *NS* 8 July), more examples have come to light. In Crawley, SDP candidate (and, er, sometime *NS* contributor) Tom Forester put out a leaflet giving the mid-campaign state of the race as: Conservative 35 per cent, SDP 31, Labour 22. 'The race to be the Crawley constituency's first MP looks set for a sensational finish', said the leaflet. Well, if you believed the leaflet, it was. Tory Nicholas Soames won with 48.1 per cent, Labour came second with 26.2, and Forester third with 25.7. In Croydon North West, the team seeking the re-election of by-election victor Bill Pitt put out a leaflet claiming that 'a consumer poll since the Bermondsey by-election' put Pitt in the lead locally. Challenged by local Labour Party agent Maggie Mansell to justify this claim, the Liberals failed to do so. Pitt lost by 4,092 votes. More examples please to us, and to the freelance journalist who started uncovering local Alliance tactics: Reg Copley, 62 Orchard Grove, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 5TR.

Rough stuff

Incidentally, in our last piece about the Alliance's misleading use of canvass returns, we mentioned that Kingston Labour Party had also used some rather optimistic figures in their literature. To put the record straight, we should also point out that the Kingston Liberals did not play entirely by Queensberry rules. On the evening before the election they put out a leaflet headed 'Labour Candidate Says Vote Liberal Alliance'. (Another item, further down the page, was headed *'New Statesman* Editorial Says Vote Liberal', but we'd better draw a veil over that.) The 'Labour candidate' who was urging people to vote Liberal was none other than John Torode, the *Guardian* leader-writer who was actually standing for the SDP in Saffron Walden. The point was that Torode *had* stood as the Kingston Labour candidate in the 1979 election. The local Labour Party wrote to Torode to suggest that the heading might mislead people into thinking that the current Labour candidate in Kingston was saying vote Alliance; they also felt that Torode's failure to mention his SDP candidacy might make voters think he was still a Labour candidate somewhere. In reply, Torode said that 'I did not see the headline on the leaflet and I regret it', although he doubted whether it would have misled people. However, after seeing our piece about the use of canvass returns, Torode fired off another letter to the Kingston Labour Party, calling them 'cynical' and 'stupid'. Presumably he would apply the same epithets to all those Alliance candidates who misled the voters.

In the courts

More news about Terry Dicks, the abrasive new Tory MP for Hayes and Harlington. For the past five years Dicks has been housing chairman of Hillingdon Council in West London, where he achieved lasting fame by dumping a homeless Malawian family on the steps of the Foreign Office. As we reported four weeks ago, Dicks is being sued for libel by two solicitors at Hillingdon Legal Resources Centre following some rather fruity remarks which he made about the advice they were giving to homeless families. Now it seems that the Hillingdon ratepayers may have to foot the bill for Dicks's defence. The suggestion comes from the council's Tory leader, John Watts; it is expected to go before the policy committee in September, and it is almost certain to be approved.

Green and pleasant land

With surprisingly little publicity, Glyn England, the former head of the Central Electricity Generating Board, has just taken over the chairmanship of the Council for Environmental Conservation. Given that the CEGB itself is one of the main targets for environmentalists, because of its attachment to nuclear power, this seems to be a rare case of gamekeeper turning poacher. How long before Sir Walter Marshall joins Greenpeace?

Just fancy that

constructive force'. No mention of David Owen, alas; but this isn't surprising. In the 1983 almanack Old Moore said that Owen was a dangerous and unstable figure with a 'Node on the rising Uranus'. This is undoubtedly still the case.

From Miscellany, 8 July 1983

seems unlikely. There is no mention of Dr David Owen, Jenkins' successor. Last year Old Moore described Owen as a dangerous and unstable figure with a "Node on the rising Uranus." I can understand that that would put the soothsayer right off him.

From The Times Diary, 9 July 1983

selfsame Bethnal Green and Stepney Labour Party had decided to nominate Eric Heffer, rather than Shore, for the Labour leadership. Poor old Shore seems

From Miscellany, 8 July 1983

Poor old Peter Shore is not having much luck in his bid to become leader of the Labour Party. Even his own constituency party in Bethnal Green and Stepney has voted to support Eric Heffer instead. Shore

From The Times Diary, 15 July 1983

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How the hangers lost and Brittan boobed

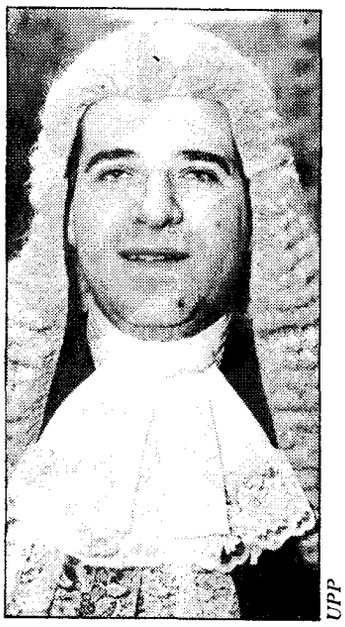
THERE WERE three immediate reasons for the humiliating defeat of the pro-hanging lobby in the House of Commons last week. First, some Tory MPs changed their minds out of genuine conviction. Second, the pro-hangers could not find a form for the vote that would get larger support. Including tellers, 297 MPs voted for some form of capital punishment; but the hangers could not get more than 263 votes for any single vote. Leon Brittan's inept contribution on hanging terrorists probably lost votes on this specific amendment, and certainly added to the pro-hangers' humiliation. As we show below, Brittan ignored the advice of his civil servants to produce his peculiarly confusing wording.

The third, and most influential, reason was the enormous turn-out of 'No' voters who did not vote in the last hanging debate. Then, in May 1982, 15 per cent of MPs did not vote. This time only a handful failed to vote. Overwhelmingly, the 1982 non-voters this time voted 'No'. They included leading Tories such as Sir Keith Joseph, Douglas Hurd, Peter Walker and Tom King as well as a fair sprinkling of backbenchers. As one junior minister said: 'Before, people did not vote because they didn't think restoration would happen. But this time they really faced up to the possibility.'

MPs, both old and new, changed their minds, often because they had never had to listen to the arguments against hanging before. Faced with a real choice, they had to answer to the administrative requirements of the State, not the emotive political demands of Party members. One Kent MP who had been in Parliament ten years said: 'During the last few days before the vote, what was said by the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the military in Northern Ireland and Jim Prior had a significant influence on me.' One Tory MP, in the House for 24 years and an occasional supporter of hanging for terrorist murders in the past but now a firm abolitionist, said of his constitutents: 'A great majority of them are in favour of capital punishment but they don't seem to have thought deeply about the arguments and are impressed when they hear them.'

Nicholas Soames, the MP for Crawley, is an example of a new MP suddenly faced with parliamentary responsibility. As the Commons debate drew towards its end, Soames rang his local party chairman to say that he had changed his mind and was going to vote 'No' on all counts. 'It is only when you take part in the debate', he told us, 'that the case against hanging becomes overwhelmingly obvious.'

Support for hanging was also reduced by tactical voting. Teddy Taylor's main resolution merely proposed the principle of capital punishment for murder. Knowing some MPs would only support hanging for specific crimes, Vivian Bendall, MP for Ilford North, proposed a series of amendments to this effect. Thus, MPs who did not want the main resolution amended either voted against the specific amendments or abstained. The highest pro-hanging vote that could be mustered – 263 for the murder of police officers – still had pro-hanging abstentions.



UPP

Leon Brittan took a nosedive

But the unamended main motion could have led to the hanging of those guilty of 'less reprehensible' murders (e.g. of unfaithful wives) and this commanded even less support than the amendments.

The specific amendment on terrorism was a clear example of the gap between pro-hanging 'common sense' and anti-hanging *realpolitik*. Leon Brittan failed to grasp this, although his Home Office officials had not. Apart from the obvious argument that terrorists are not deterred by the prospect of their own death, there is the problem of Northern Ireland's Diplock Courts, where judges try and sentence people without juries. This is already seen as an unfortunate denial of civil liberties; there would be international uproar if judges alone could decide a person should die.

In his speech, Leon Brittan said: 'If capital punishment were introduced, *one way in which it has been suggested that* that object could be fulfilled would be through trial by judge with assessors, or by three judges.' (our italics) Roy Hattersley and Roy Jenkins mercilessly attacked this ambiguity, which Brittan, under questioning, refused to clarify. Brittan, said Jenkins, was 'floating a possible idea and not submitting a clear proposition. He has no idea whether the procedure of a judge and assessors would work and he has no idea whether the judiciary would accept it.' By the end of the exchanges, Brittan's reputation had taken a nosedive and a number of pro-hanging MPs believed he had lost them some votes.

However, if Brittan had kept to his typed draft he could have avoided the fatal charge of muddled thinking. His typescript said: 'If capital punishment were introduced, *as I see it the only way in which* that object could be fulfilled would be through trial by a judge with assessors or by three judges.' The nine words were changed by Brittan, in his own handwriting, shortly before the debate.

Christopher Hird and Peter Kellner

Christopher Hird is Insight editor at the Sunday Times. This report is partly based on research carried out by the Sunday Times.

BR changes tracks

BRITISH RAIL is making some hasty moves to please the government. It announced this week that it is to spend £50,000 on a study on converting railways into roads. The study will be carried out by consultants Coopers and Lybrand. But sitting on the three-person steering committee will be none other than Sir Alfred Sherman, recently knighted arch-protagonist of railway conversion. The decision to undertake the study was taken after a lunch last month between Sir Peter Parker, Sir Alfred Sherman and Sir Alan Walters, the Prime Minister's special economic advisers.

BR is also busy making some accounting changes in an attempt to meet the government's demand that the inter-city lines make a profit. BR divides its passenger services into three 'businesses': the inter-city railway (the major lines, such as London to Glasgow); the commuter lines around London (such as Bedford to St Pancras) and all its other lines, which it calls 'provincial services'.

The government accepts that neither the commuter lines, nor the provincial services will ever pay their way. But it has set progressively tougher and tougher targets for the inter-city lines. In June 1981 it said that inter-city had to break even by 1985. Then it upped this target and said inter-city must show a 5 per cent return on its assets by 1986.

In its new 'inter-city business plan' BR intends to meet this objective by redefining its inter-city network, and excluding from the definition some of the more loss-making lines. In one of the earlier drafts of this plan the Midland main line, from St Pancras to Sheffield, was excluded from the inter-city network.

Excluding these lines from the inter-city network means an increase in the number of loss-making lines which come into the 'provincial services' class – but without any increase in subsidy to support them. This accounting change is therefore certain to increase the pressure to close loss-making lines, although not necessarily those lines which have ceased to be inter-city lines.

Mick Hamer

BT managers split loyalties

THE TWO British Telecom managers who tried to make the connection between Mercury's private and BT's public telephone network have been suspended by their union, the Society of Telecom Executives. Work on Mercury has been boycotted by the Post Office Engineering Union.

Now trouble is escalating on all fronts. Eight engineers went on strike at the Holborn exchange, refusing to repair all faults on the 404 line. They were protesting against the managers who had tried to complete the connection work at Mercury. About 450 faults a day were going unmended, affecting businesses in Holborn, so managers made a midnight attempt to repair some of the faults. The result was that another engineering unit at Holborn has now come out on strike.

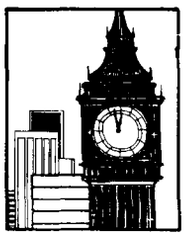
Managers have been instructed by the STE not to do the work normally carried out by the striking engineers. But it is thought there will be a split within the ranks of the managers. Those who refuse to cover for the striking engineers will be sent home by BT while those who obey their BT bosses will be disciplined by their union.

Despite the unrelenting hostility of the engineers, Mercury has announced it is to spend £20 million installing a fibre optic cable along railway lines between London, Bristol, Birmingham and Manchester. This work should be completed by autumn 1984 and brings total investment in Mercury so far up to £90 million.

And BT has agreed to interconnect its services not only with Mercury but also with other rivals in the new liberalised telecoms arena. The next trouble spot could come when Air Call, a private radio paging service, increases the scope of its service and tries to interconnect with BT this autumn.

Caroline Berman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

What is this thing called 'democratic socialism'?

'MEANWHILE, what about socialism?'

George Orwell's question, in *The Road to Wigan Pier*, is worth asking again, now we have the manifestos – minifestos might be a better word – of the four contenders for Labour's leadership. All four preach 'democratic socialism', but none defines it. At the very moment when Neil Kinnock, Roy Hattersley, Peter Shore and Eric Heffer have the best chance of their lives to offer a fresh vision of where they would lead Labour, they each retreat into cliché, vagueness, commonplace assertion and a stale repetition of past nostrums. If any of the contenders possess a coherent idea of what a socialist society in Britain would be like, they are for the moment keeping it to themselves.

Hattersley says 'we must fight the next election on policies which make clear our determination to create a more equal society . . . We must make clear what real equality is and the way in which it enhances human dignity and individual freedom'. Hattersley goes on to list a series of important policies for Labour – on investment, incomes, race, police accountability and decentralisation – but the one thing he does *not* do is 'make clear what real equality is'.

Shore also says 'we must be clear what our party is about. It is about democracy and it is about socialism . . . We shall indeed need to re-appraise our policies: not to dilute our democratic socialism, but to make it relevant to the needs and aspirations of the people and the changing society which we need to serve'. And so say we all. As far as I know, nobody from Frank Allaun to John Golding has publicly advocated 'diluting our democratic socialism to make it irrelevant . . .' Nor would anyone be rash enough to proclaim 'we must fudge what our party is about'. Unfortunately, Shore has not – so far – gone beyond Peter Sellers's immortal all-purpose politician proclaiming: 'This is not a time for vague promises of better things to come. We must advance. But we must advance surely.'

Neil Kinnock is a little better, but not much: 'We will have to assert our democratic socialist beliefs against those who will misrepresent them, and against those who try to dilute them . . .' Ah, those diluters again. Like Hattersley, Kinnock lists a number of policies that he thinks Labour should pursue, but neither separately nor together do they provide a definition of his 'democratic socialist beliefs'. That is not to say his policies are unworthy or impractical; but it would be a grotesque misuse of language to call them 'beliefs'. Actually, Kinnock these days reminds me less of the younger Michael Foot than the younger Harold Wilson – say, circa 1963. And before Kinnock reaches for his vitriol, there are many worse insults that can be levelled at Labour politicians.

Of all the contenders, Eric Heffer has provided the most principled statement of his political philosophy. 'Democratic socialists believe it is essential to end class society . . . Class society arises because the ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange are in the hands of a relatively small group. Public ownership is necessary in order to eliminate class divisions and to end class power and privilege.'

After this admirably succinct restatement of traditional socialism, Heffer elaborates it – and his prospectus starts to look rather more shaky. He does *not* envisage everything run by the state; he does *not* want to destroy personal initiative; he does *not* want his form of socialism to become too bureaucratic. Nor do any of us. But to warn of these pitfalls is merely to restate three of the classic problems of socialism. The point is not just to observe these difficulties but to overcome them. Heffer does not tell us how he would do so.

TO SAY THAT this week's statements by four leading Labour politicians of their personal political credos contain little that is fresh or substantial is to risk the charge of naivety. After all, politicians often stretch patience, credulity and the rules of grammar, but seldom the intellect. And, given the general quality of debate inside the Labour Party in recent years, Hattersley, Shore, Kinnock and Heffer have all provided texts some cuts above the average.

So why carp at their minifestos? It is because the term 'democratic socialism' has become so debased that today it lacks any coherent definition. Since the Gang of Four defected, the main distinction for most people between 'social democrat' and 'democratic socialist' has been in the labels people choose to wear rather than in the separate meaning of those labels. I would lay considerable odds that you could not get, say, Neil Kinnock and David Owen to sit down and agree distinct, principled definitions of both terms. (A catalogue of specific policy differences, such as on defence or the Common Market, would not count.)

For the typical voter, especially if he or she is one of the millions that have deserted Labour since the 1960s, a discussion of political definitions may seem an indulgent luxury. I would argue instead that it has become a vital necessity. Before the rise of the far Left on the one hand, and the SDP on the other, Labour could exist with occasional electoral success with little explicit ideological baggage. Labour was *the* anti-Tory force in British politics. In the public mind it stood for whatever the leadership said it stood for at the time. That approach is no longer enough.

The essential pragmatism of Labour in the 1940s and 1950s is often overlooked in today's selective descriptions of Labour's 'golden age'. Now pragmatism, if it means the practical pursuit of worthwhile objectives, is a wholly laudable thing. But it should not be confused with theory. Aneurin Bevan's book *In Place of Fear* was in fact more pragmatic and less theoretical than Anthony Crosland's *The Future of Socialism*, even though Bevan is frequently cited on the Left as one of the intellectual fathers of democratic socialism. Bevan's arguments for nationalising the steel industry and for building council houses were derived directly from the specific failures of the private sector in the 1930s in those sectors.

(The main virtue of Bevan's book is not that it was theoretical but that it was rigorous in its pragmatism. On pay bargaining he wrote: 'Most people who have given their minds to the problem are now convinced that a national wages policy is an inevitable corollary of full employment, if we are not to be engulfed by inflation. A lot of hard thinking and perhaps harder talking will be required before we win through to something of a permanently satisfactory nature . . . It should not be beyond our collective good sense to apply the reformed cost of living index to the whole field of wages and salaries.')

If democratic socialism lacked a theory it did at least possess a popular agenda for post-war reconstruction, with the establishment of the modern health and education services, the provision of decent housing and the nationalisation of such industries as the mines and the railways. But the world has moved on since then. The sort of voters Labour now needs to win back own, or aspire to own, their own home, car and video. The sort of industrial decision that now needs taking is not the kind Bevan addressed – how to organise Britain's steel industry to produce 19 million tons a year rather than 10 million – but infinitely more complex. Labour's four leadership contenders all acknowledge these problems, but none offers a vision of a kind of socialism that would adequately address them; and it shows. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A new kind of nuclear victim

Rob Edwards reports on the cases of Britain's first 'nuclear dissidents' – scientists who lost their jobs after expressing their doubts about nuclear safety

JOHN TAYLOR lives in a caravan on a holiday site just a stone's throw from the nuclear plant at which he worked for 16 years. He has been unemployed for nearly a year, living on less than a third of his previous income, and has applied unsuccessfully for over 50 jobs. He says it is very cold and damp in the winter and he sometimes gets very depressed. He is another victim of the nuclear industry, forced out, he believes, because of his attempts to improve safety conditions. Like Trevor Brown, Rodney Fordham and Ross Hesketh, he is one of the small but growing band of nuclear dissidents – employees whose conscience obliged them to speak out and who were severely punished for their pains.

The most striking aspect of the four known cases is their similarity. All the individuals involved were concerned with some aspect of nuclear safety and all tried to raise their concerns in a proper and honest manner. Real trouble only began when they went public or threatened to do so. The industry's reaction was not to throw them out arbitrarily, but to criticise their work, offer transferrals and impose punitive sanctions. The aim, according to Rodney Fordham, is to control dissidents by reducing them.

The four men have a number of shared characteristics: self-confidence, a sometimes abrasive refusal to compromise, a healthy disrespect for authority and a passionate belief that they should work for the public good. They have all had to cope with becoming mini media stars and with accusations of paranoia. They are all embittered by their experiences, alarmed at the extent of official secrecy, highly critical of the nature of scientific research in the industry and, all but Taylor, deeply disillusioned about nuclear energy.

Nuclear dissidents have become a familiar part of the public debate in America and, to a lesser extent, in Europe, but it is only in the last couple of years that Britian has experienced the phenomenon. The industry is bound to try to present these cases as isolated and unrelated instances which tell us more about the individuals than their employers; but their similarity suggests otherwise.

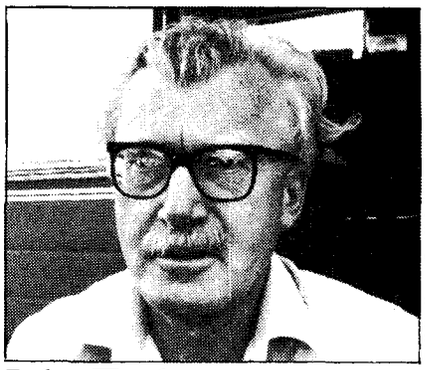
The dissidents feel that the industry is becoming more authoritarian and less tolerant of criticism. They cite the emergence of men like Sir Walter Marshall, who moved last year from being chairman of the UK Atomic Energy Authority (UKAEA) to being chairman of the Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB), as part of this trend. Marshall has the habit of surounding himself with like-minded men; the former director of the UKEA's Safety and Reliability Directorate, John Collier, and the former head of its press office, Peter Vey, have both followed Marshall to senior appointments at the CEGB, while the new part-time chairman of the UKAEA, Sir Peter Hirsch, is described internally as a 'Marshall man'. This, and the feeling that most of Marshall's friends are like himself, Welsh, has caused them to become known within the industry as the 'Taffia'.

MORE SURPRISINGLY, the dissidents argue that the industry has become more

Courtesy of Cheshire County Newspapers

Rodney Fordham

1955: Started work as a physicist for the UK Atomic Energy Authority.
1961: Joined the Safeguards Division of the Authority's Health and Safety Branch (now known as the Safety and Reliability Directorate) as a senior safety engineer and became responsible for advising on the safety of 18 reactors.
1978: Dissatisfied with the institutional and technical safety measures adopted or planned by the Authority, especially on fast reactors and the pressurised water reactor, was transferred at his request to work on non-nuclear safety issues.
1982: Invited to address a conference on the pressurised water reactor planned for Sizewell in Suffolk, was told his text would have to be vetted by the Authority; refused to accept this procedure and decided not to attend the conference. Simultaneously he was summoned by management and informed that his work was ineffectual – a charge he strongly rebutted.
September 1982: Feeling harassed and mistreated, he opted for premature retirement.
Rodney Fordham, father of two, is now 53, unemployed and helping the Town and Country Planning Association prepare their safety case for the Sizewell Inquiry. 'It's very sad,' he said 'that people who encounter things that they find ethically unacceptable are doomed as a result. That should not be. That is social injustice of the worst kind.'



Bill Willcox/Carlisle Photonews

John Taylor

1966: Started work as an analytical chemist at the Windscale and Calder Hall nuclear works in Cumbria, now run by British Nuclear Fuels Ltd (BNFL).
1975: Transferred to the Technical Investigations Section of the Health Physics and Safety Department to work on a new generation of radiation dosimeters.
1979: Wrote a 150-page report on the storage of spent fuel which concluded that it would be possible to reduce the amount of radioactive effluent discharged into the sea by improving measures for limiting fuel corrosion.
1980: Wrote two reports on the radioactive contamination and laundering of factory clothing, one of which suggested a possible means of improving the washing process to reduce contamination and improve safety conditions for workers; the reports were rejected by BNFL.
1981: Accused by management of writing reports that are 'difficult to understand' and of misinterpreting data.
***January* 1982:** Seconded to another job at Windscale (now renamed Sellafield).
June 1982: Alleged to his director that there had been a 'cover up' of his evidence and that the workforce was being exposed to more radiation than was necessary.
August 1982: Threatened to go public with his allegations; a few days later was asked to transfer to the Technical Records Section where he would be subject to security clearance.
September 1982: Resigned.
1983: Took his case to an Industrial Tribunal, argued that he had, in effect, been unfairly dismissed, and lost.
John Taylor is 49, single and unemployed. 'I am forced to conclude,' he commented, 'that honestly seeking to perform an honest job is not required.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

submissive to the whim of government. According to Fordham, the UKAEA is now the 'creature' of the Department of Energy, uncritically accepting official policies, many of which cannot feasibly be implemented. 'The contact between the Department and the UKAEA is at the top level and nobody within the organisation dare tell the top man that anything is wrong' he said. 'If they did, it would affect their career prospects.'

The Thatcher government's enthusiasm for all things nuclear and its enhanced political dominance have clearly made the situation worse. Hesketh, for example, believes that his fate might have been different if the election result had been different. But given the unfavourable political climate, he regards his dismissal as 'quite inevitable' from the start. 'It's not the industry's fault that it is becoming anti-scientific", he said. 'It is now and has been for a long time under considerable pressure from successive governments.'

Although each dissident believes that he had the support of several colleagues, too frightened in most cases to speak out, there is a question as to how representative they are of opinion within the industry. The question is best answered by examining the key issue of whether or not Britain should build its first pressurised water reactor (PWR) power station – the subject of the current Sizewell Inquiry.

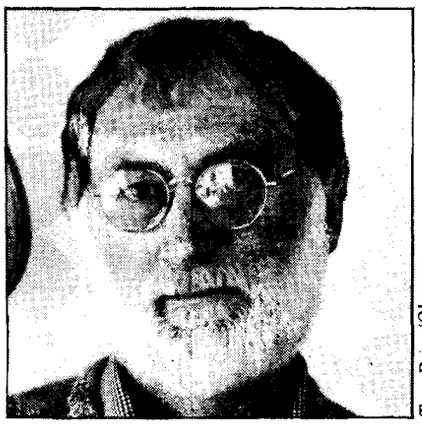
There have been fierce wrangles over which type of nuclear reactor Britain should adopt, the two main contenders emerging in recent years being the American-style PWR and the British-designed advanced gas-cooled reactor (AGR). Each reactor has attracted its cadre of advocates, but since the Inquiry process was first set in motion last year, there has been little public indication of the deep divisions previously displayed within the industry. Ranks have closed and the anti-PWR lobby seems to have lost its voice.

Rodney Fordham – himself an increasingly effective critic of PWR safety ('They could too easily explode', he says) – puts the proportion of UKAEA staff critical of the PWR as high as 50 per cent. Certainly there is still a substantial body of informed technical opinion within the Authority that is opposed to the PWR, and even the head of the northern division, Tom Marsham, is said to be a PWR sceptic. Knowledgeable outsiders, such as William Cannell of Friends of the Earth, point out that the UKAEA has been the main developer and promoter of the AGR. The government's apparent rejection of this design is a severe blow which, combined with uncertainty over fast reactor development, must raise serious questions about the credibility and future of the Authority. The South of Scotland Electricity Board is also known to be suspicious of the PWR.

In 1978 members of the Institute of Professional Civil Servants (IPCS) produced a fat and confidential technical critique of the UKAEA's major work under Walter Marshall on one of the key safety issues, the integrity of the PWR pressure vessel. The IPCS report said that the failure of nuclear pressure vessels 'could lead to a large loss of lives and . . . jeopardise the role of nuclear power', and strongly criticised Marshall's work for underestimating the risks.

At least two of the IPCS authors still retain their doubts. Dr Alan Quirk, a scientist in the Structural Mechanics Section of the Safety and Reliability Directorate, has co-authored a report, codenamed SRD R224, which challenges Marshall's assumptions on the likelihood of crack growth. As a result the risk of a catastrophic rupture of the pressure vessel and the consequent release of large quantities of dangerous radioactivity could be greater than supposed. Soon after the *New Statesman* exposed the suppression of this evidence (see *NS* 4 & 25 March 1983) the UKAEA obligingly provided a copy of SRD R224 to the Sizewell Inquiry. Dr Quirk has also produced other work on the defects of pressure vessels.

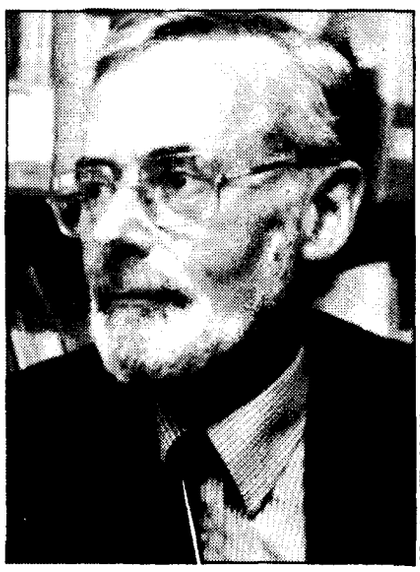
THE MAIN author of the IPCS report was R. T. Ackroyd, now a technical manager in the Central Technical Services section of the



Tony Prime/Observer

Dr Ross Hesketh

1959: Started work as a research physicist for the Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB) at the Berkeley Nuclear Research Laboratories in Gloucestershire.
1981: Wrote to *The Times* saying that proposed sale of plutonium to America would lead to nuclear weapons proliferation and blur the distinction between nuclear power and nuclear weapons, in which he had believed for 21 years; disciplined for using CEGB headed paper.
April 1982: Published a detailed scientific paper which argued forcibly against the proposed sale of nuclear fuel to the US – a deal that now appears to have been dropped.
October 1982: Gave a paper to a conference on Sizewell which sought to prove that plutonium sent to America in the past had been used in American weapons in spite of government denials, and which urged that no more nuclear power stations be built until international proliferation safeguards had been radically overhauled.
February 1983: Appeared on BBC radio and accused the government of misleading the public over the uses of plutonium; a few days later, was summoned by the CEGB and accused of poor personal discipline.
April 1983: Told the press that he had been subject to a 'kangaroo court' and was really being tried for his views on plutonium.
May 1983: Disciplined for talking to the press, threatened with dismissal should he repeat the offence, and refused an expected pay increase on the grounds that his work was 'unsatisfactory'.
June 1983: Sacked, according to the CEGB, for his refusal to move to a new job, which he regarded as demotion.
Ross Hesketh, father of four, is now 54, unemployed and helping CND put their case to the Sizewell Inquiry. 'The nuclear industry is becoming more and more unsound,' he said. 'People can take this for a while, I can take it for a while, but there comes a point where you can't take it any longer. It's not what you're there for, not what you're living for and it leaves you feeling dirty.'



Newbury Weekly News

Trevor Brown

1948: Started work as a chemist on atomic energy at Springfields near Preston.
1955-60: Organised the production of key materials for the development of Britain's H-bomb.
1961: Sent to work at the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston to improve safety conditions there.
1973: Elected as a Liberal councillor for Newbury (East).
1976: Asked by constituents, some of whom were safety experts at Aldermaston, to raise their concern about delays in implementing safety procedures.
1977: Wrongly accused of using Aldermaston typing pool for council work.
January 1978: Refused permission to attend council meetings during worktime (later overturned by an Industrial Tribunal).
August 1978: All work involving radioactivity at Aldermaston halted and three workers found to have between two and four times the internationally permitted levels of plutonium in their lungs.
October 1978: An official inquiry concluded that safety conditions at the site were inadequate.
1980: Brown criticised safety conditions at Aldermaston on BBC *Newsnight* and was severely reprimanded for the 'public expression of views on official matters'.
1981: Passed over for promotion and threatened with being transferred to another area, he retired.
Trevor Brown, father of three and recently a widower, is now 60, unemployed and helping the National Council for Civil Liberties take his case to the European Court of Human Rights. 'I wonder,' he said, 'whether I would not have done better had I been an upper class spy rather than a working class patriotic scientist.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UKAEA at Risley in Cheshire, and a visiting professor of nuclear engineering at Queen Mary College, London. As an active member of IPCS, he is a TUC-nominated member of the Advisory Committee on the Safety of Nuclear Installations (ACSNI) which advises the Health and Safety Executive. He believes that current understanding of the behaviour of pressure vessels and other components under extreme fault conditions is insufficient to ensure that the risk of a major reactor accident is acceptably low.

Minutes of a recent TUC meeting with ACSNI trade union representatives, leaked to the *New Stateman*, reveal that Ackroyd is still worried about the effect of 'two-phase coolant flow' (the movement of water and steam) in a PWR and the 'inevitable inadequacies' in the theoretical models used to predict the behaviour of the pressure vessel under extreme conditions. Other sources indicate that he had to threaten a minority report in order to force ACSNI to include in its report on PWR safety last year a statement that there appeared to be no adequate theoretical basis for forecasting the likelihood of pressure vessel failure. Further reliable sources show that he believes that PWRs are intrinsically more difficult to control under fault conditions, and more likely to cause significantly higher levels of radiation exposure amongst maintenance staff than ARGs. He advocates major design changes for the PWR, such as the use of a pre-stressed pressure vessel and the replacement of the zircaloy fuel cladding with stainless steel to avoid the problem of 'fuel ballooning', recognising that such modifications would substantially increase costs.

There is now new and disturbing evidence that Ackroyd has been denied important information on PWR safety, making his position increasingly difficult. As a member of an ACSNI study group on the interaction between nuclear plants and operators, he thought it necessary to have access to the background papers of another ACSNI study group on the PWR – a group dominated by 'Marshall men'. He was at first told that this would be possible, but after several reminders (and to his great annoyance) the decision was reversed and the information kept scret. The Department of Energy defends this behaviour as normal practice.

Like other UKAEA employees, Ackroyd is not permitted to talk freely to the press or to nuclear groups – and he certainly is not scheduled to appear at the Sizewell Inquiry. In the light of the fate suffered by Fordham, Hesketh and others, and the UKAEA's official support for the PWR, he must feel anxious about his future in the industry. The fact that his position on ACSNI comes up for renewal next month should make him especially conscious of the need to keep his head down at the moment. In the circumstances, his reticence, and that of other PWR critics still on the inside, is perfectly understandable. But the result is that we are all being deprived of the ability to make clear political choices based on open and honest disagreements between experts. That makes it all the more likely that we will end up taking the wrong decisions. □

FAR LEFT

Ballot analysis

Malcolm Imrie on the revolutionaries' inquest

'DROP ALL this parliamentary nonsense and start building soviets, otherwise we will vote for Thatcher and Jenkins.' This clear, if rather petulant warning came from the working class, via the Workers Revolutionary Party (WRP): to its cost, the Labour Party ignored it. But according to the Revolutionary Communist Group (RCG) the forces of revolution have long ceased expecting anything from Labour:

> In such a period those supporting imperialism will turn to the more resolute imperialists like Thatcher, rather than the equally reactionery but shamefaced Labour ones. Healey and Kinnock's belated attempt to shed crocodile tears over the sinking of the *Belgrano* deceived nobody. This further exposed . . .

Dave Spart was never entirely fictitious. The revolutionary Left in Britain has always had its own caricatures, with programmes and prose-styles lovingly preserved since 1917. But the Left has always had a greater variety of voices than the Sparts'. None of the groups apart from the Communist Party (roughly 16,000 and falling) will give membership figures, but the next largest, the Socialist Workers Party (SWP), is probably only some 4,000 strong, and the rest considerably smaller. Most, in any case, think it is the quality of their leadership, not quantity of their membership that counts.

Among the independent papers broadly within the Labour Left, *Socialist Action* seems – so far – the least despondent. Only a few months old, it is connected to the Socialist League, ex-International Marxist Group (British section of the Fourth International). In a lead article in their 17 June issue, Alan Jones admitted that Labour's defeat was 'disastrous', while claiming that the Tories didn't have a 'popular mandate' for their policies. Unlike others on the Labour Left, he gave little explanation for the Tories' popularity, concentrating instead on Callaghan and Healey's 'wrecking' tactics, and the role of the Alliance.

> Confronted with a working-class movement which is profoundly anti-Tory but not educated by its leadership to be pro-socialist, the solution of the capitalist class was obvious. Sponsor *two* political parties: one to carry through the attack on working class rights and living standards, the other to pose as an 'anti-Thatcher' and 'anti-Tory' alliance which could slice into the Labour vote . . .

Jones's working class movement is thus tricked out of its socialism, but, as the Tories' policies begin to bite they will 'become unpopular extremely rapidly'/'rapidly become dramatically unpopular'. Despite the 'profound change' in British politics which he recognises, the projects for the Left are unaltered: to build the Broad Left in the unions and the Left in the CLPs. The 'new sections' of the working class are mentioned briefly, as 'the anti-nuclear movement, the unemployed, those defending the welfare state and democratic rights' – and only in the context of fresh acquisitions for the Labour Party.

Even this is too much for *Militant*, 'The Marxist paper for Labour & Youth', which keeps its eyes glued to struggles within the trade unions. For its supporters, the most profound change in British politics is probably the election of two of them as MPs. Labour's problem, according to *Militant*'s 17 June issue, was that the rest of the party didn't fight as hard as they had on socialist policies. If Labour had, 'it would have been swept into government'. They do, however, give a partial explanation for the Tory victory, emphasising the 'Falklands factor' which allowed them to 'bask in the aura of a "great national leadership".' But for their own supporters at least, little will change. 'The tasks today are the same as those outlined in the first ever issue of *Militant* in 1964', noted the paper on 15 July.

KEN LIVINGSTONE, Ted Knight and Matthew Warburton, editors of *Labour Herald*, give far greater consideration to the depth of Labour's crisis – running a series of opinions on 'How To Save The Party' – while sharply affirming the need for socialist policies. On 10 June they criticised Labour's programme as an alternative management strategy for capitalism, a view shared by most of the contributors to their opinion slot. But some of these writers have also begun to examine the changes in Labour's traditional constituency and in the working class as a whole. Mark Cole, from Ravensbourne CLP, writing on 1 July emphasised the problems of individualism and nationalism:

> Owner occupation among the working class is growing and for many working people the enticement of material gain in terms of household goods, cars, etc, is distorting the class consciousness that Labour has relied upon for years. This has partly come about

New Statesman

Annual subscription rates*
*6 months & 3 months subscription pro rata

UK £29; Overseas surface mail: £32 (US $59)

Overseas airmail: Europe £36; Middle East £39; S. America, India, Africa £40; Australia, Far East £45; USA, Canada £40 (US $79)

Student subscription rates available on request

Please note: payment by cheque in Sterling or US Dollars, or International Money Order only

Please complete this form and post to:
NS Subscriptions, 14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....
(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

I enclose £/$.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

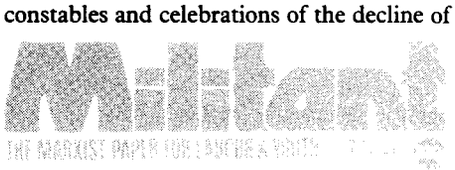
through the Tories' insidious policy of replacing class allegiances with dedication to the betterment of Nation, and, of course, Self.

George Binnette, from Westminster North points out how many workers are being 'pushed to the sidelines of the economic process', and even withdrawing from party politics altogether.

It would be unfair, from these few quotes, to suggest that the defined tendencies on the Labour Left are only offering more of the same – but it's clear that their conclusions about strategy or class composition are hardly drastic. Judging from the *Morning Star*, the CP is even more resistant to any major reorientation. An editorial on 11 June, put the blame for the Tory victory on the Labour Right and the media, who had united to 'make a dirty word out of basic Socialist ideas like nationalisation'. The Party's general secretary, Gordon McLennan, agreed, but at least acknowledged a deeper failure of Labour to combat Thatcherism's 'populist appeal'. Questions of how, and by whom, this 'combat' might be fought were left to rhetoric:

> . . . build up the struggle against the Tories right across the board . . . involve millions of ordinary people in it . . . a massive campaign of propaganda, argument and debate . . . building up the circulation of the only paper which the labour movement has at its disposal – the *Morning Star*.

While the labour movement may only have the *Morning Star*, the CP also has the monthly *Marxism Today* whose recent political prescriptions have tended towards an ever-widening 'broad alliance' or 'united front' strategy to oppose what they always refer to as 'Thatcherism'. One SWP member's recent curt summary of the magazine's contents as 'interviews with liberal chief constables and celebrations of the decline of



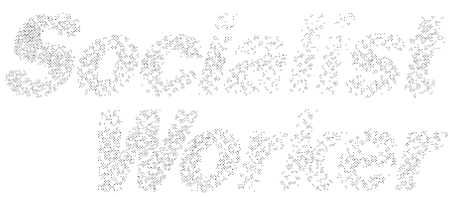
the working class' gives an indication of the way it is seen by many on the revolutionary Left. In a post-election article, Andrew Gamble identifies such Labourism of both Left and Right as a spent force:

> Labour's dominant image has become fixed by its role as the defender of the key institutions and gains of postwar social democracy and by its reputation as the party of high taxes, controls and bureaucracy . . . Support for Labour has become concentrated disproportionately among employees in the public sector services and nationalised industries, consumers of collective services and council tenants. This is not a majority constituency and it is no longer a growing one.

THE SOCIALIST WORKERS PARTY is one of the diminishing number of organisations who do not see the Labour Party as the main opposition. It also firmly rejects any suggestion that there has been any fundamental change in 'the balance of class forces', let alone any challenge to the central role of the factory-based working class in socialist politics. But its weekly *Socialist Worker* and monthly *Socialist Review* have recently become more cautious. The SWP now criticises its earlier 'over-optimism': today, 'the evidence is that the mass of workers do not, at this stage, want anything to do with socialism'. So says the post-election editorial in *Socialist Review*, and continues:

> The working class is on the retreat . . . the mood is one of demoralisation and weakness . . . If it was possible to be a militant and have no politics in the boom years of the past, it is no longer possible today . . . The task of rebuilding in the crisis is as much a question of ideas as it is of activity.

They reject the 'creeping fascism' theories held by some of the Left, not least because these are the most attractive justifications for 'broad alliance' strategies. Any sort of compromise policy is anathema to the SWP and it now attacks the women's movement



and CND for their drift to the right. In fact it is really the autonomy of these movements from the working class that they reject. The SWP's aim is still the creation of a network of militant shop stewards.

As usual, the SWP did not stand candidates in the election and advised its supporters to vote Labour. The Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP: monthly paper *The Next Step*) did, and gained 988 votes in four constituencies. A split-off from the RCG – who they have since bettered in membership figures and in the quality of their polemics – they are probably best known for their active defence of immigrants from deportation, and black people from racist attacks. For them the Tory victory was less significant than the 'collapse' of Labour.

> Instead of directly and forcefully putting forward the clear interests of the proletariat, the leadership of the Labour Party took refuge in the vocabulary of the social worker. With all its pleading about 'compassion' and a 'caring society', it wasn't clear whether Labour was begging for mercy for its leaders or charity for its followers – or simply pursuing the Biblical myth that 'the meek shall inherit the earth'.

It outdoes the SWP in its tirades against the 'middle-class' feminism, the 'middle-class' peace movement, the 'middle-class' leadership of the gay movement, and the 'armchair intellectuals' who have dominated Marxist theory for the past 30 years, but unlike the SWP sees the working-class outcasts as the core of the revolutionary party.

Big Flame, with a tiny membership, but very distinct politics, advised their supporters to vote Labour, but they claim that there is now 'a stronger case for not seeing the Labour Party as central at all'. In supporting *all* the 'new politics', it is the most eclectic of all the groups. There remains, of course, a conflict between eclectic politics and the expectations of political leadership created by the act of forming a group or publishing a paper. □

Justice seen to be done

Rumpole's back and Mobil's got him.

Thanks to a pre-production agreement with Mobil, that shabby curmudgeon of the Old Bailey will soon be returning to American television screens for a long-awaited third series.

But what about Rumpole addicts who live somewhat closer to Temple Bar?

They'll benefit too. Because it was Mobil's involvement at an early stage that has made this new series a certainty. And now production is underway, with transmission on British screens likely in the autumn.

Called back to the bar for all six one-hour episodes will be Leo McKern as Rumpole, joined by Peggy Thorpe-Bates as She Who Must be Obeyed.

Scripts, as usual, are by John Mortimer, the man to whom Rumpole owes all.

Mobil®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NORTHERN IRELAND

Lost leader

Mary Holland reviews Gerry Fitt's election defeat

IN THE PAST few weeks the British press and television have devoted more space to Gerry Fitt, the former MP for West Belfast who is now almost certain to become a life peer, than most politicians attract in a lifetime.

During the general election campaign, colour writers from the popular papers, who had long since given up emoting about Northern Ireland's troubles, descended on the Falls Road to describe for their readers the struggle that was being waged there between Good and Evil. Good, in this case, was personified by Fitt, the cheery ex-merchant seaman from the Murmansk convoys, defying at great personal risk the murderous forces of terrorism, represented by Gerry Adams, the ex-internee standing for Sinn Fein.

There was, of course, a basis of truth to this simple epic tale. Gerry Fitt has shown considerable courage in his consistent condemnation of the IRA and it has cost him dear. Gerry Adams is an ex-internee, and if the libel laws inhibit speculation as to his exact relationship with the IRA, they do allow one to say that his support for that organisation is unequivocal and his knowledge of it well informed.

The questions to which commentators failed to address themselves in any serious way was why the voters of West Belfast should have rejected Fitt, the MP who had represented them since 1966. It is important to understand that it was not the IRA nor IRA supporters who deposed him. Sinn Fein put up strong candidates in other constituencies, and none of them was elected. In Derry John Hume had no difficulty in defeating Martin Macguinness, although the latter has all Mr Adams's assets and is, if anything, rather better known in his constituency.

SINCE THE ELECTION the profiles of Mr Fitt in the quality Sundays have dwelt on the brutal irony which leaves an Irish republican socialist with no place to lay his political head but the benches of the House of Lords. It has been explained to us in print and on television that Mr Fitt's tragedy was that 'he grew away from his tribe'. The patronising racism implicit in such comments is very revealing about even liberal British attitudes to Ireland. The voters who rejected Mr Fitt are assumed to be motivated by dark, atavistic loyalties rather than rational self-interest. These writers would never describe the defeat of an English MP in such terms. Still less would they comment in this way on a coloured GLC councillor who lost his seat because his constituents no longer had confidence in him.

That is what happened in West Belfast, not suddenly at the last election, but over the best part of a decade. Gerry Fitt failed to articulate at Westminster the quite legitimate concerns of those whom he represented. In doing so he seriously misled the House of Commons about the attitudes of the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland, particularly during the hunger strike. The fact that the House of Commons feted him for this increased the bitterness of his constituents and contributed to his defeat.

If this sounds harsh, the reproach is directed not primarily at Mr Fitt himself, but at those who made a hero of him in London and refused to acknowledge that what he said no longer represented the views of the vast majority of his constituents. First among these were members of the Labour Party, particularly those who had served in Northern Ireland.

I should here declare a personal interest. I first went to Northern Ireland in 1968 because Gerry Fitt bullied and cajoled and persuaded me that there was intolerable discrimination against the Catholic minority. It was his personal courage and political determination which, more that anything else, broke through the wall of silence which had meant that the affairs of the province were not discussed at Westminster and were ignored by the British media.

Fitt's demands at that time were that the British government should ensure that the same civil rights were enjoyed by people living in Belfast as those in Birmingham. He really believed, as we all did at the time, that Westminster could deliver an end to sectarian justice and discrimination in Northern Ireland. But as long ago as 1974 it had become obvious that the British government lacked the will to put the necessary pressure on the Unionist majority, an analysis confirmed by Merlyn Rees's revelations in the *Guardian* this week that withdrawal was being actively discussed. With the collapse of the power sharing executive in which Fitt had served, any realistic hopes which Catholics may have entertained of political progress disappeared.

SINCE THAT TIME life for Mr Fitt's constituents has become increasingly desperate. As well as experiencing very high levels of social deprivation they have, as a community, been at the receiving end of successive security measures designed to crush the Provisional IRA. Dawn searches, internment, the Diplock Courts, continual harassment by the security forces, these were only the beginning. If they were not touched as individuals by severe physical ill treatment at Castlereagh or by the blanket protest at the Maze Prison, they could not remain untouched by their effects. A climax was reached in the communal anguish of the hunger strike, when people waited hour by hour for the latest news from the prison while their MP urged Mrs Thatcher to stand firm against the men of violence.

Perhaps his hatred of the IRA and all its acts prevented Gerry Fitt from understanding the full extent of his constituents' alienation from Britain in recent years. Even to talk of alienation in this way is to gloss over the uncomfortable truth – emphasised by John Hume in the hanging debate last week – that very many Northern Irish Catholics now hate the British government. They regard its representatives, in and out of uniform, as their enemies.

It was for this reason, not because they supported the IRA, that the voters of West Belfast rejected their MP of 17 years' standing in favour of a candidate who has said that he will never attend the British Parliament. □

FASHIONS

Barber shop blues

Norman Jones charts the decline of a great institution

BARBERS MUST surely have suffered more than almost any occupation from the social changes of the past three decades. Waiting for a recent haircut in one of these timeless establishments, I reflected that the old hairdressing shops no longer have their 1950s aura of respectability.

The reading matter on offer, though, still exuded an aura of respectability. I had a choice of *Country Life*, *The Surrey Magazine*, *How the Falklands Was Won*, the *Daily Mail* and *Titbits*. And, raising one's eyes from such reading, there was the colourful display of contraceptives. In this little corner of economic and social decline, there was protection in all shapes, sizes and colours. The display was much more visible than it used to be, but very little else had changed.

The outside of the shop already hinted at the barber's slow demise. The 'o' had fallen from its once proud position in 'Bros' and had not been replaced. The elements had sprung a number of rusty nails in the shopsign and the familiar red-and-white barber's pole was severely faded by the sun.

This particular barber left school at fourteen. In a few months' time, he will celebrate fifty-five years of hair-cutting. He and his three brothers had dressed literally thousands of heads. 'I'll bet you've seen a few changes since you first picked up the scissors?' This was enough to release a rich oral history of the rise and fall of the twentieth century barber.

By the early years of this century short hair had become the norm for all social classes. The Edwardian 'curl' represented the 'decadence' of the late nineteenth century. 'Short back and sides' was the style adopted to fight the Great War. But the barber not only attended the hair which grew from the top of the head, he was also required to remove and style facial hair – an important part of the barber's trade. The dreaded 'cutthroat' razor demanded a skill

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in maintenance and operation which a lot of men lacked. This preening operation was also a social occasion. The barber's shop was an important part of the male 'grapevine'; a men's group in the truest sense of the word. A fortnightly haircut offered a release from the family, an opportunity to gossip, and a place where the 'consciousness' of the male and myths about the female could be reaffirmed.

The decline of the barber began in the 1930s. For those out of work, hair cutting at home became more popular (the 'basin cut') and technological development produced the safety razor. As more and more men shaved in comfort and increased safety at home, the barber was forced to surrender faces to growing companies like Gillette. He could only respond by becoming the 'middleman' between the new companies and his old customers – the vendor of the blade rather than the skilled operator of the 'cutthroat'. My barber told me that even the art of maintaining a sharp razor with a strop was dying out in the next generation.

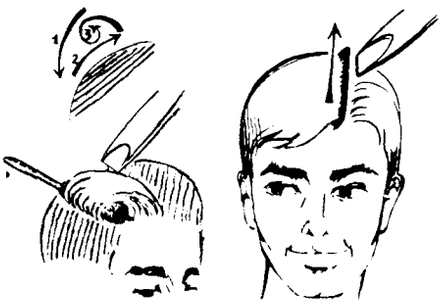
After the Second World War, a period of full employment meant relatively affluent workers and a stable supply of customers for the barber. This was a real 'barber boom'. (Chancellor Barber's boom in the early 1970s failed to produce anything like it.) Even the teenagers went to the local barber. 'We'd have 25 in here most evenings after school. And just before school holidays ended, you couldn't move in here. Some nights we'd do a hundred heads. Barbers didn't have holidays at that time of year'.

But it was precisely this youth trend that was eventually to lead to the socio-economic marginalisation of the barber. The Butler Act, the Beveridge Report, the 'baby boom' and sustained economic growth eventually produced the great barber crisis – the 'generation gap'.

At first the arrival of the Teddy boys posed no serious threat to either the existing political system, or the barber's livelihood. In fact, they increased the skill of the barber with their demands for new styles. The 'short back and sides' had been joined by the Hollywood-inspired 'Boston square back' in the 1930s, but now there was a demand for the 'crew cut', the 'Tony Curtis' and the infamous 'DA' (duck's arse).

For the barber, the Teds were good customers. Although they were more fussy than the average customer, their commitment to 'style' meant regular visits. Training one's hair into these new styles could not be achieved naturally overnight. So the barber offered them that famous lubricant of the 1950s – Brylcreem. It was a profitable sideline. Added to the surreptitious sale of contraceptives the barber was playing an integral role in 'servicing' the Teds' lifestyle'.

SO WHAT WAS the 'youthful' threat to the barber? He replied: 'Well it was all this long hair that did us in. We've never really recovered'. This perhaps obvious observation is not completely true. The first threat was already on the horizon with the Teddy boys. They eventually gave way to the Rockers, who were less interested in personal appear-



How to cut the New French Line: October 1963, the Hairdressers' Journal

ance and spent more time on maintaining their motorbikes.

But if the Rockers were less interested in smart appearance, the next wave of youth culture – the Mods – were almost dedicated to it. Developing new styles was to be their forte. By 'looking good', social and economic inequalities could be erased, or at least obscured. This 'youth cultural' embodiment of the 'embourgeoisiement thesis' possessed considerable spending power. In 1963 the *Hairdressers' Journal* reported that 35 per cent of the British male teenage population were Mods and accordingly prepared to devote a quarter to a third of their weekly income on their appearance.

Needless to say, it wasn't long before 'big business' moved in to cater for this growing market. Hair sprays for men appeared and their seemingly effeminate nature was obscured by 'macho' names like 'Cossack'. It also became more fashionable for men to have their hair washed by the hairdresser. Now it wasn't only women who had their hair 'blow dried'. By the middle of the decade, Unisex hair salons were posing a serious threat to the barber.

If the barbers chose to ignore the Mods' 'writing on the wall', they couldn't fail to take notice of the next development. The Mods fragmented into two main tendencies; those who took to wearing braces and boots became 'rude boys' and eventually 'skinheads'. The other tendency, developed from those who had a liking for 'purple hearts', gravitated, or 'graduated' to cannabis and eventually LSD. They were to become part of the 'alternative society'. The new styles of this generation had the greatest effects on the conventional barber.

The Hippies flouted convention on all fronts and were the first youth culture to pose an opposition to the existing socio-economic system. For many, long hair became a substitute for radical politics and, consequently, the barber's livelihood became enmeshed with the politicisation of 'style'.

While the Establishment attempted to 'hold the line' by attempting to suppress the paperback version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the 'Profumo affair' suggested a sexual hyprocrisy which was soon to be overturned. 'Love not war' was the banner under which the Hippies marched. Flanked by medical technology – the birth control pill – the old order was under siege. The sheath became less popular and, like the barber's sales of Brylcreem, they dropped accordingly.

It was in the late 'hairy '60s' and early '70s that the number of barbers began seriously to decline. My barber watched his three brothers leave for better paid jobs in the service economy. Unable or unwilling to adapt to changing trends in society, the barber's position was on the slide. With inflation and a range of customers most likely to complain about price rises (pensioners, middle-aged men), their work today is considerably underpriced.

Eventually, long hair became less fashionable, but 'style' was still important and has remained a continuing source of profit to the commercial organisations which have sprung up around youth culture. This process of commercialisation has continued. Now it seems legitimate to speak of a two-tier system of male hairdressing. One is traditional and is in decline, while the other more trendy alternative has succeeded in doing to men's hair what had already happened to women's hair – providing an expensive maintenance service.

Perhaps some optimism for barbers is to be found in the rising trend of unemployment. As more and more people, especially the young, move closer to the poverty line, the demand for cheap hair cuts will rise. But one barber described how a youth came in for a hair cut and was acutely embarrassed to be seen in the declining sector. He informed the barber that he normally paid £8 to £10 for a haircut, but nonetheless complained when the barber charged him £2 instead of £1.75, in view of the fact that he had so much hair. 'Bleedin' nerve these youngsters', he said. □

Build a bomb and starve a child. You could do it with your eyes closed

All you have to do is let the nuclear arms race continue, day after day, year after year.
For the idea of deterrence manages to kill children, women and men at a remarkable rate.
Just by building more and more bombs. Which means less and less money for food, medicine, education.
Britons are generous people, sending millions of pounds abroad to charities each year.
Yet part of everyone's taxes goes toward building the very bombs which deprive people around the world of real help.
What can you do? Start by standing up and being counted.
Yes, keep sending your important cheques to charities... but consider an important cheque or membership to CND as well.
Stop a bomb and save a child.

YES I'LL JOIN CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT
PLEASE SEND MY NEW MEMBER'S PACK

Name _____ (BLOCK CAPITALS)
Address _____
_____ Post Code _____ (IMPORTANT)

RATES Adult £6 ☐ Two people at same address £9 ☐
Student £3 ☐ Unwaged & Pensioner £2 ☐ Youth CND (21 and under) £1 ☐ (tick one)

Please find enclosed
£_____ for membership and
£_____ donation ☐ (tick for donation receipt)

Please make cheques or postal orders payable to CND. Please send the completed form to Andrew Kay, CND, Voysey House, 29 Barley Mow Passage, London W4 4PH. Scottish readers send to 420 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow G2

CND

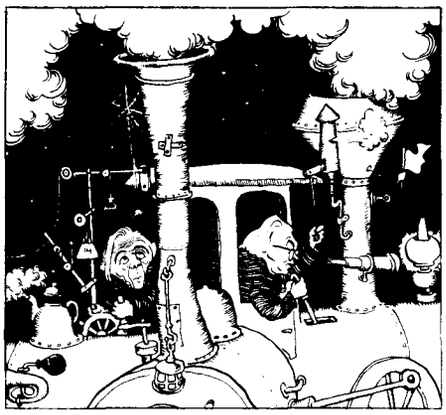
A1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LABOUR PARTY

New purposes required

The last of our series of three articles on the Labour Party examines the link with the trade unions



THE PRINCIPAL MECHANISM for securing consensus between the unions and the Labour Party – the TUC-Labour Party Liaison Committee – is no longer able to perform its main function, that of demonstrating that the two wings of the Labour movement can get a Labour government airborne.

In part this is due to the well-known problems of Labour's incoherence and weakness at policy level, which made the Party's role in the liaison a submissive one during the past four years of opposition. More fundamentally, since the Liaison Committee's reason for existence was to 'deal' with the problem of trade union power, the effective removal of that problem by the Thatcher government has meant that the Committee is reduced to the status of a cast of characters in search of a script.

The Liaison Committee was created in 1971, to co-ordinate opposition to the Heath government's industrial relations legislation. It was upgraded, on the suggestion of Labour's then general secretary, Sir Harry Nicholas, to an economic and industrial policy forum in November of that year and met in that capacity for the first time in February 1972. From its inception, it was tripartite in composition: the partners being the TUC, the Parliamentary Labour Party and the National Executive. Early in 1973, the Committee agreed its first document, *Economic Policy and the Cost of Living*.

Throughout the 1974-79 period of Labour government, its role was uncertain and muted. For the TUC, at least in retrospect, it was downgraded and disregarded in favour of the traditional government network of civil servants, advisers, international interests and other pressure groups. Reconstituted in 1980 after the election defeat of May 1979, it issued two major documents in the four opposition years: the lengthy and detailed *Economic Planning and Industrial Democracy* (July 1982) and the shorter *Partners in Rebuilding Britain* (March 1983).

The bare facts tell a meagre story: three documents over twelve years is modest by the standard of Labour's modern wordmills. However, in that period, the Committee's main and generally unsung task was to patch up fundamental divisions within the Labour movement, which often threatened to pull it apart. At one level it succeeded: it produced agreement on paper between party and unions on economic and industrial policy. But the content of the last of these agreements – the 'Partners' document, designed as an electoral pact – was clearly not seen by the electorate as convincing. The reasons for that lie in a number of factors which, in these immediate last years of the Committee's life, have all but paralysed it as an effective political force.

THE MOST IMMEDIATELY obvious of these – and one which conventional Labour attitudes tend to downplay – is the personal factor. The people who made up the Committee did not all approach its work with the same high-minded and dedicated seriousness. Sporadic attenders among the senior figures included Terry Duffy, Moss Evans, Frank Chapple, Denis Healey and Eric Varley. Some, like Tony Benn, Eric Heffer, Norman Atkinson and Judith Hart, saw it as a stage on which to display their socialist credentials. While others again, like Denis Healey, Peter Shore and Gerald Kaufman, saw it largely as a means of getting to an incomes policy end. Michael Foot said little and usually agreed with the TUC – ironically, to the exasperation of Len Murray, who was looking for a tough debate in which both sides clarified their basic positions before making realistic deals.

Len Murray and David Basnett became the core TUC attenders and the main influences – with Shore, Healey, Albert Booth and Benn playing the most prominent, if conflicting, roles from the Party's side, weakened by the absence of a clear lead from Foot. The backroom work, by Bill Callaghan and Alan Cave of the TUC (working to David Lea, its assistant secretary) and Roy Green and Adam Sharples of the Labour Party (working to Geoff Bish, its research director), was high quality: but inevitably, the Committee's 'bureaucrats' saw their task as in part organising the committee towards the consensus they had already concocted. Some meetings, especially those conducted during the depths of the inner-party feuding, were almost ridiculous in the cursoriness of attention given by most of the participants to the matters in hand.

To overdramatise only slightly, the economic and industrial programme of what was supposed to be the alternative government of one of the world's major powers was drafted by a handful of youngish researchers under the nodding and often eccentric tutelage of ideologically divided politicians and union leaders. Even as the exercise neared its end, with draft succeeding draft, few of the participants betrayed in their public speeches or statements much sign of enthusiasm for, or even knowledge of, the theoretical policy structure for whose development they had been nominally responsible.

The Committee, naturally, contained left and right wings, whose relations were deeply imbued with the bitterness of the factional struggle raging within the movement as a whole. However, the left-right struggle tended to polarise one central issue – incomes policy. This, after all, was what the majority of the PLP wanted out of the exercise. It was the issue which the bureaucrats knew had to be broached in some form. When Lea and Bish met after May 1979 to get the show back on the road, they devoted much ingenuity to determining how the subject of incomes should be discussed without making it obvious that such a discussion was indeed a major purpose of the project.

The Left's position that wage restraint should not be tolerated under capitalism found reinforcement in the trade union bias against statutory policies and in favour of free collective bargaining – a distinctly different position from that of the Left, but often conflated with it. In both periods of opposition policy making, the senior political figures pushed, overtly or covertly, for an incomes policy: in both periods they were denied one and had to make do with what they regarded as bromides – mere pledges from the union side that it would recognise promised government action when formulating its future wage claims. In this context, the *Programme for Recovery* launched in November 1982 by the shadow Treasury team can be seen as an attempt by Shore to nudge his Committee colleagues towards a stronger statement on incomes.

THE EXALTED status of the Committee meant that its members, especially its union members, had little room to manoeuvre. Most significantly, Moss Evans of the Transport Workers could not agree to anything like an incomes policy, since his union's conference had explicitly opposed it and a left executive enforced obedience to this line. Terry Duffy of the Engineers was also constrained by a national committee decision in favour of free collective bargaining (though he managed to reverse that position before the Committee issued its last report). Only Basnett of the General and Municipal Workers had sufficient command over his executive to allow him freedom of action. Partly for that reason, partly because of his seniority and his willingness to shoulder the burden, Basnett emerged as the lynchpin of the operation. But Basnett, for all his efforts, was hampered by the polarisation of the two bigger unions and his own diffident and often scornful personal style.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These political tensions meant that movement in the Committee was crab-like. If incomes policy was both absolutely central *and* virtually unmentionable, its absence had to be compensated for by ever-more complex schemes for economic planning and industrial democracy.

Of course, both planning and industrial democracy had other existence than as mere conduits to wage restraint. Planning had been tried in the 1964-66 period of Labour government, under George Brown's short-lived Department of Economic Affairs; and again, under the National Enterprise Board, in the 1974-79 period. Industrial democracy had emerged in the early 1970s from a previously largely subterranean existence. It was the subject of the almost visionary Bullock Report (1977) – only to be stymied by the combined opposition of industry, and left and right-led unions.

Partners in Rebuilding Britain proposed a panoply of powers and new institutions: at the government level, a Department of Economic and Industrial Planning which would capture many of the Treasury's functions and would be charged with formulating five-year national development plans as well as much more detailed development planning with large companies.

The central element, the National Economic Assessment, was to be essentially a rolling annual allocation of economic priorities, given effect through national forums – union conferences, National Planning Council, Cabinet and Parliament. Wage norms and limits are explicitly ruled out: instead the priorities are ranked, so that the creation of jobs has first call on resources, the low paid the second and the rest of the country's workers the third.

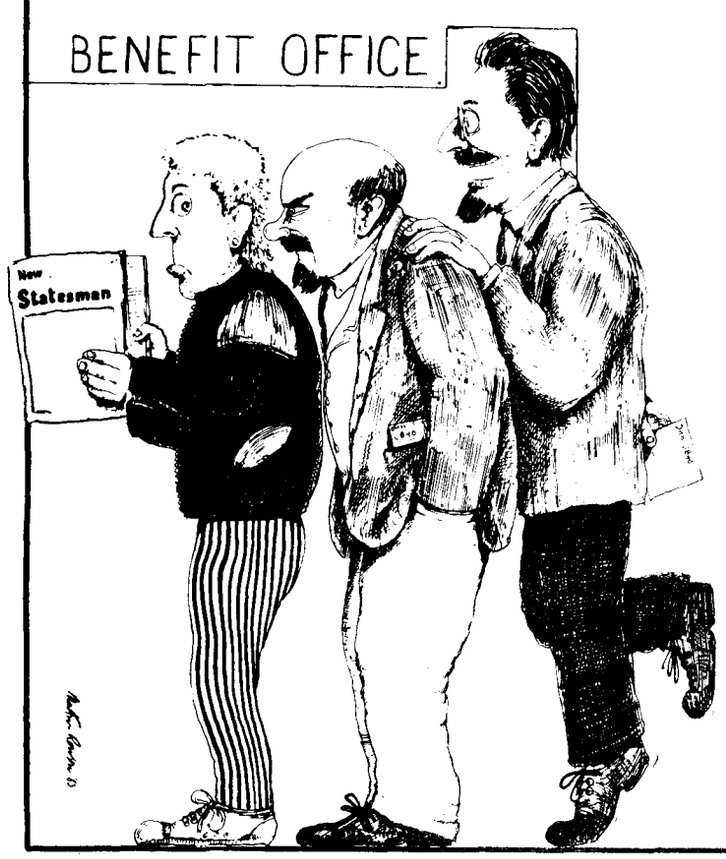
The 'second leg' of the proposals is industrial democracy – envisaged as a series of rights to information, consultation and representation, triggered by workers' representatives at company level. The experience of Bullock led the Committee to be permissive about these rights rather than prescriptive (you don't have to have them, if you don't want them). But at the same time, the extension of democracy thus prefigured is both massive and advertised as being fundamental: statutory underpinning to the new rights workers may choose to exercise would, the report says, 'provide a catalyst for workers' involvement in decision-making at all levels of the economy'.

These proposals, if implemented, would indeed usher in massive changes. Bringing companies under effective national planning regulations (never before achieved in peace time) would require the utmost political skill and will, together with the steadfast support from both civil service and the country. Even more fundamentally, the extension of industrial democracy, requiring workers to take an active and potentially controlling interest in decisions on investment, production, marketing, industrial relations, money raising, plant location, exports and imports and wages would signal an end to the basic principle that management's job is to manage the company in the ultimate interest of its owners. The implications are momentous – and perhaps for that reason, were not drawn by the Committee.

Once the Committee had reached broad agreement – marked by the publication of *Economic Planning and Industrial Democracy* – it embarked on a round of conferences up and down the country to bring the message to Labour supporters and to hear what these supporters thought of it all.

This exercise was a failure. The first, in Newcastle, drew an audience of around 50 (mainly union officials, MPs and candidates) and developed into a wrangle on regional policy. Later meetings were better attended but little more effective as either public relations or consultative exercises.

As the Committee prepares itself for a new term of oppositionist work, its more thoughtful members may be reflecting on this: its prime function, to present Labour as the party that can control wages, is no longer necessary. Wages and inflation have been controlled by the Thatcher Government through mass unemployment, a tactic which the electorate seems presently prepared to tolerate. It thus lacks, for the first time in its life, a wage inflation crisis to which to respond. But an equally or more important task awaits it. That is, to develop, and to test through real consultation and debate, a strategy which would command respect in industry – with management and unions – and support in the country. That means that the bitter battling of the committee rooms must be replaced by the slow give-and-take required to spread the new industrial ideas at the base. Not before time. □



STUDENTS

Travel in interesting company

by taking advantage of our special summer subscription offer for students

ONLY £4.50 FOR 15 WEEKS
if you're in the UK throughout the summer (although we'll stretch a point and redirect up to 3 copies overseas for no extra charge)

At 30p a copy that's less than half price

If you intend to be overseas for more than 3 weeks, even for the whole 15 weeks,
IT'S ONLY £6

Please send your cheque, name, address(es) with details of your college, subject and final year to:

Lesley Bridgmount
NEW STATESMAN (SS83)
FREEPOST
LONDON EC1B 1EB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Patricia Hewitt

Aspen

The Social Democratic Party is full of ex-Labour lawyers who used to urge on us the need for a new Bill of Rights in Britain. I hope they are chastened by the macabre twists which the death penalty debate has now taken in the United States – despite its Bill of Rights – and which Britain will be spared as a result of last week's triumphant House of Commons vote. Following the Supreme Court's decision that death is not a 'cruel and unusual punishment', a majority of States have rushed in to legislate for a return to executions. A fortnight ago, for instance, the Governor of New Jersey signed a law providing the use of lethal injections in place of hanging. But the debate doesn't end there. What kind of lethal poison? How painful? An anaesthetic, or merely tranquillizers, before the final hypodermic? The consensus seems to be that the condemned individual should be put to sleep in much the same way as a sick animal. But where does that leave both the 'deterrent' and the 'revenge' supporters of the death penalty? Perhaps it is not surprising that they can't face up to the consequences of their own logic, which seems to demand a method of execution at least as painful and prolonged as that inflicted on the murderer's victim. Meanwhile, back in Washington, the Supreme Court has urged lower courts to speed up death penalty appeals, weeding out 'technical' or 'frivolous' cases. Americans in debt, facing a court order for repossession of their car or house, now have more extensive legal safeguards than the 1,200 men and women who fill the country's Death Rows.

○

Manhattan's Museum of American Folk Art has a splendid exhibition of patchwork quilts made at the turn of the century by Amish women. The Amish people – an Anabaptist sect living mainly in Pennsylvania – believe that printed, striped or patterned clothing is ungodly, as is a multiplicity of tiny patchwork pieces. Their quilts, hence, are bold, geometrical essays in pure colour, patterned and textured by intricate quilting stitches (about which the Lord apparently has nothing to say). Amish quilts are now collectors' items, selling, I was told, for $3-4,000 apiece. Around the corner, in the Museum of Modern Art, you will find men's paintings – a Barnett Newman, a Mark Rothko, a Kenneth Noland – strikingly reminiscent of the Amish women's quilts. This is 'real art', lacking the virtues of practical use, and you would need at least $30,000 for one large canvas. Male values, if not male prices, are imposing themselves on the rediscovery of the American patchwork quilt tradition. Amish quilts are praised for 'mirroring' the contemporary paintings which they in fact precede by several decades. Critics trained to look at contemporary formalist painting can at least appreciate the Amish women's work. But the quilts made by thousands of other American women – with their tiny pieces, their sprigged and floral patterns, their often poignant allusions to the events of women's lives – remain outside a definition of art which stays obstinately patriarchal.

○

Reagan's campaign managers are getting worried about women. With an election next year, the bottom line is that although 80 per cent of Republican men think the President is wonderful, 40 per cent of Republican women do not. Earlier this month, the National Women's Political Caucus quizzed Democratic Presidential hopefuls at their Washington Convention. (The Republicans refused to come.) Walter Mondale told them that the President accepts he has a perception problem with women. 'You bet he has,' Mondale told an enthusiastic audience. 'He can't see women – and you see right through him.' For the first time, the non-party Caucus is likely to endorse a Presidential candidate, and a nationwide women voters' registration drive could make the Caucus a crucial factor in the 1984 elections. Staying in New York, I also saw in action the network which feminists are developing to match male nepotism. A close friend and former American Civil Liberties Union researcher has found herself unexpectedly adopted by a number of women in positions of power, who use their contacts with similar women to promote other sisters. One telephone call netted her breakfast with the vice-president of a major charitable foundation – the sort of vice-president, my friend said, who does not see people! Within a few hours, she was given introductions to women in foundations throughout the city, who have all opened their address books to

help. From the perspective of the British women's movement, we often see the American movement as too concerned with the career opportunities of highly-paid professionals. But better sisterhood in action, however highly-paid, than the successful woman who believes that, because she made it, others can do without her help.

○

I went to America on a boondoggle – for which I gather the current word is hustle. I prefer boondoggle myself. It suggests that someone is doing you a favour, and giving you a wonderful time. My boondoggle is an expenses-paid trip as a 'resource person' to the Aspen Institute of Humanistic Studies, a privately-financed think-tank high in the Colorado mountains. Once you get over the asthmatic effects of altitude, it's one of the most beautiful places in the country. Inevitably, it attracts America's beautiful people who emerge from mountainside condominiums which rent, in the ski season, for upwards of $500 a night. The outstanding member of our seminar is Uganda's 31-year-old Ambassador to the United Nations, Olara Otunnu. At a session on United States foreign policy, he explains to the middle-American businessmen who dominate the audience that, if the USA seriously wants to protect its African investments, its access to the sea-lanes and strategic minerals, it must abandon Washington's current policy towards South Africa. Euphemised as 'constructive engagement', Reagan's strategy has further isolated the USA from black Africa, delayed Namibian independence and sanctioned South African invasions of Lesotho and Angola. But Reagan's ideological obsession with anti-Communism has proved more compelling in southern Africa than the dictates of either self-interest or morality. Like all effective leaders, Otunnu fuses his own passionate convictions with a patient respect for other people's views. He would understand Nye's favourite quotation: 'This is my truth. Now tell me yours.' I hope he makes it to become the United Nations' first black African Secretary-General. They need him badly.

ROGER WODDIS

Heeeeeeere's Henry!

On the fourth anniversary of the Sandinista revolution in Nicaragua President Reagan announced that Dr Henry Kissinger would head a National Commission on Future Policies Towards Central America.

Now is the time, when skies are falling
And faces turn a mottled grey
As all the lean of Nicaragua
Walk tall and will not go away,
To put aside the bloating breakfast
And send for Dr ('Special') K.

Send for the most respected rapist,
The favoured architect of hell,
Who fondly flattened Indo-China
And gained their hearts and minds as well,
A hero who has not forgotten
How sick he felt when Saigon fell.

When others merely shrug their shoulders
Or dream of peace and quiet nights,
Here's Henry with his brief before him,
Displaying under blazing lights,
A bloodstained finger to his forehead,
His deep concern for human rights.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREIGN NEWS: POLAND

Under martial law

Our Polish correspondent Gary Mead recounts his experience at the hands of the secret police

ON 5 MAY at 3 pm I was visited by five members of the Polish SB, Poland's equivalent of the KGB. They came to my state-owned apartment in Bydgoszcz, where I had lived since September 1979. After a four-hour search, during which they confiscated all my personal papers, magazines, letters, typewriter and much else besides, they arrested me under the 48 hour detention order.

Since 1979 I had been employed by the British Council as a lecturer in English literature at Bydgoszcz University. Bydgoszcz is one of Poland's larger cities, with over 500,000 inhabitants. But, apart from being the country's main producer of bicycles, it doesn't have any great claims to fame. It hit the world headlines in March 1981, when SB groups beat up several Solidarity representatives who were in discussion with local government officials, but since then has lapsed back into its normal listlessness.

I started working as a freelance journalist in Poland soon after I arrived, and eventually became a correspondent for the *New Statesman*. I chose a pseudonym, because the British Council would undoubtedly have sacked me for 'engaging in political activities in the country of residence' (a clause standard for every Council lecturer working abroad); and because no East European country takes kindly to freelance, unaccredited journalists. In fact, the Council sacked me in June – though no case had been proved against me. Before the SB officially demanded entrance to my flat and searched it, I was aware that they had already made an illegal entrance during my absence over Easter this year.

After the flat search, the SB took me to the central police station, the KWMO. There I was questioned briefly, refused contact with my Embassy and a lawyer and, without being charged, taken to the cells. My belongings, trousers and shoelaces were removed and I was put in with two petty thieves awaiting trial. The elder, Stefan, had been in the cell – 2 by 3 by 4 metres – for six weeks, surviving on the astonishingly poor prison diet (primarily lard, bread, grey soup with pasta, and milk-and-water 'soup'), with no sign of a trial and no exercise outside the cell, which was intended for six prisoners. They were good examples of a large section of the Polish criminal class – articulate in their hatred not simply of the police, but of the state system overall.

The cell was, of course, grim and cold. But it was the best Polish lesson I'd had, especially in anti-state obscenities. After breakfast – milk-and-water which we jointly dumped into the slop-bucket – Stefan introduced me to the notorious Polish criminal narcotic *czaj*, a ferociously strong brew of cheap tea. He ingeniously made a flame by slicing a strip of linen from a bed sheet, smearing it with lard, and winding it up until it looked like a roller bandage. The brew itself was undrinkable, but the point was not to get high on tannin. It is a ritual gesture of defiance against the warders.

THE DAY after my arrest I trailed round Bydgoszcz in the company of the same SB team. They searched my departmental office, spending some hours poring over old lecture notes on Wordsworth. I ate tripe soup in the canteen downstairs, accompanied by an SB, as students puzzled over my lack of shoelaces.

The SB captain in charge of my 'case' was a short, middle-aged woman called Barbara Pawlowska. Experienced – I learnt that she had been an SB agent for 22 years – she had all the primitive tricks of her trade. A sarcastic manner, a barrage of trivial questions to camouflage the one important one, and an art of immediately flicking her face from fake smile to equally fake scowl. What she had on her mind much of the time was the week-end shopping. During her interrogations she would jump up and go out, coming back with leeks and bread poking from shopping bags.

I'm happy to say that the SB didn't employ the cliché technique of a bright light in the eyes. But they fitted in a good number of others, especially the 'I'm the nice guy, and my friendly advice is to tell all' followed in another room by the 'I'm the nasty guy and you're heading for a long stretch' routine. Of course, they 'knew everything' about me, and, indeed, they must have had some fairly accurate informer working for them.

They quickly hinted at their knowledge of my work as a freelance journalist, though I had managed to dispose of the most incriminating object. This was a small 'bug' (£10 from *Exchange and Mart*), intended for use by people in the Underground, which I had managed to conceal in Captain Pawlowska's room when I first entered it, the previous day. Sadly it wasn't then in working order.

I denied their hints, while they said this lack of 'co-operation' wouldn't go down well in court. They quoted Article 270 of the Polish criminal code, which states that anyone found guilty of 'publishing false information in the foreign mass media, which is damaging to the interests of the Polish People's Republic, will be sentenced to between one and 10 years' imprisonment'. Then Pawlowska left the room and returned with a thick brown folder, which she told me to look at. Inside were photocopies of articles from the *NS* under the byline 'Gustaw Moszcz', with highly professional Polish translations. Obviously the work of some months.

I still denied the charges, but eventually made a statement to the effect that I had written some articles under that name, but I didn't recall which or how many; that they were entirely the result of my own observations; and that no one in Poland had assisted me. After that I was permitted to contact the Embassy and spent another night in jail.

Next morning, 7 May, I was driven to the public prosecutor in Bydgoszcz, Zdiszlaw Obuchowicz, who, I later discovered, is the regional specialist in cases involving the death penalty. An exceptionally unpleasant man, he worked in the UB, the Stalinist secret police in Poland, immediately after the war. At our first meeting – there were three altogether – he plied me with boiled sweets, which he sucked constantly himself, as he put to me a string of absurd questions and statements. He, like the rest, seemed fascinated by having a chance to interrogate a Western 'criminal'. This general attitude, which really convinced me of their provincial ignorance, was illustrated vividly for me by Pawlowska once taking me a long way round through the KWMO, in order merely to take me through an office where one of her friends worked. As we passed, Pawlowska gave her friend a stagey wink, the friend gawped in amazement and followed our passage out of the building, past the bust of the mature Lenin, with its accompanying slogan: 'Lenin's ideas live for ever'.

As for Obuchowicz's naivety, he condemned an article which obliquely termed Poland a 'colony' of the Soviet Union. 'How would you like it', he asked me, 'if I wrote that Britain is a colony of the USA?' He blustered slightly when I said this was fair comment, and, in an attempt to scare me, said 'Do you want that opinion to appear on your statement?' I said 'Why not?' He found it impossible to accept that the expression of left-wing opinion doesn't automatically risk a prison sentence in Britain.

Two months elapsed after my release from jail, during which time I learn that my case was in fact being conducted from Warsaw, using Obuchowicz and Pawlowska as agents. The SB wanted me to leave Poland. I had mixed feelings about this. Pawlowska often stated that I was free to go (despite my movements being limited to Bydgoszcz by order of the police), but that I would have to leave some 'bail' to ensure my return. She mentioned the figure of 'some thousands of pounds'. At the same time she had indicated that once I left Poland, I would be most unlikely to get a visa to go back. And the cash? That, of course, would be confiscated by the state, for my 'refusal' to return and face the charges. I decided to stay, if only because I didn't have that kind of money.

On 15 June I was called to see Obuchowicz again. For six hours he kept me in his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

office, while he composed long, rambling questions about my articles and notes for a novel I was writing about Poland. When I pointed out to him that, according to Polish law, everything said to the 'suspect' at such an official hearing should be written down in the formal statement of the proceedings, Obuchowicz shouted 'You are not a lawyer! You will not dictate to me how I conduct an investigation'.

I refused to make any comments in reply to any of his questions and finally refused to sign the four typed pages of 'statement' they prepared for me. At one point they showed me a photocopy of an unsigned article, headed 'Red Capitalism', published in the *NS* in August 1980. I was told this was written by me, but refused to admit this. When I asked them how they were so sure that it was mine, Pawlowska turned in her chair and said 'The editor told us'.

Obuchowicz threw me out, fairly stupified after the six hours, leaving my jacket behind in his office. He called me the next day to collect it. As I took it he wittily said, 'It's a good job there were no dollars in the pockets'. I saw him again, for the last time perhaps, on 24 June, when he called me in to place further charges against me. This time they included 'causing offence to the highest organs of the Polish state', a reference I presume to my describing Henryk Jablonski, Chairman of the Council of State, as an 'ancient manipulator of rubber stamps' in an article I had drafted the week of my arrest.

Obuchowicz also levelled another, potentially more serious charge, under a martial law decree. This was that I had been a member of outlawed Solidarity and had produced, collected, and distributed materials for the Union. It carried the maximum sentence of 18 years. These charges were clearly designed to force me to leave of my own volition. Having discovered that the evidence against me was exceptionally flimsy and unlikely to convince even a martial law court, having realised that I was not about to incriminate any Poles, and finally realising that I was not a journalist from a rich Fleet Street paper, the SB and the Ministry of the Interior in Warsaw decided that I was of no use to them.

Had I been arrested in May 1982 the situation would have been different. Then, when martial law was young, I might have made useful propaganda. But martial law is due to be lifted on 22 July and I was just an encumbrance. When you are trying to present a liberalised face to Western governments, it doesn't do to be pursuing a trial against a Western citizen accused of little more than writing articles in Western newspapers.

My lawyer wanted me to leave, my friends felt the same and, of course, the exceptionally helpful but somewhat embarrassed British Embassy officials wanted me to go with the minimum of fuss. The British Council managed to ditch me in early June. If I stayed, it was obvious that the prosecutor would not have brought the case to court before my visa expired.

So, on 3 July, I left – driving across the border with no problems. □

PHILIPPINES

Odious guest

Martin Bailey reports a scandal on a British-owned plantation

THE GOVERNMENT-FINANCED Commonwealth Development Corporation has admitted that 'a major error of judgment' was made when the leader of the Philippines 'Lost Command' was welcomed as an honoured guest at the CDC-funded plantation in Agusan del Sur. CDC executive Mr John Leech has apologized to the Catholic Institute for International Relations, saying that this hospitality towards the Lost Command will 'not be repeated'.

The Lost Command, a paramilitary group which was until recently employed as a security force on the CDC-Guthrie plantation, has been condemned for its 'odious actions' by former Minister for Overseas Development Mr Neil Marten. Earlier this year Mr Marten promised that the CDC would 'curtail the activities' of the Lost Command in Agusan del Sur because it was terrorising the local community.

But, despite the controversy over the Lost Command, its leader, Colonel Carlos Lademora, was invited by the plantation's local management to give a key speech at the May Day celebrations to mark the third anniversary of the oil palm project. The *New Statesman* has also obtained a copy of the souvenir programme for the event, which includes a personal message from Colonel Lademora.

Local government officials were well aware of the sensitivity of the invitation to the Lost Command leader. The Governor and the Provincial Administrator held a special meeting to discuss the matter. But the CDC's representative in Agusan del Sur, who is responsible for monitoring Lost Command activities on the estate, did not report back to London about the celebration on the grounds that he felt Colonel Lademora's presence was not significant.

It was only six weeks ago, after the Catholic Institute for International Relations privately briefed CDC officials about Colonel Lademora's role in the celebration, that the affair was known about at CDC's head office in London. Shortly afterwards a CDC spokesman admitted that 'it is highly bizarre: one moment our project is sacking Colonel Lademora and then he turns up as a local worthy'.

The Catholic Institute for International Relations claims that, within three days of the May Day celebration, the Lost Command murdered a farmer on the borders of the estate. Twenty-four-year-old Mr Jimmy Patria was gunned down and his wife Ella and younger brother Julius were held by the Lost Command and personally interrogated by Colonel Lademora. This account is disputed by the CDC, which says that Mr Patria was shot by local police while trying to evade arrest.

The CDC also disputes Catholic Institute claims that the situation is deteriorating. The Lost Command security force on the plantation was disbanded on 16 May and replaced by a new 39-man force which the CDC says is not 'contaminated' by members of the Lost Command. Now that the Lost Command connection has been officially broken, the CDC is proceeding with its financial assistance to the oil palm project. The first payment of £2.7 million is due to be made shortly and the remaining £3.7 million will be provided by the end of next year.

Mr John Leech believes that the debate over Colonel Lademora's presence is diverting attention from the project's achievements. Mr Leech says that 'the security problems are a direct result of poverty in Agusan del Sur, and the oil palm scheme will bring employment and income to the people'. □

IVORY COAST

Good old Felix

Victoria Brittain analyses instability in West Africa

NEXT WEEK'S State visit by the doyen of neo-colonial francophone Africa, President Felix Houphouet Boigny of Ivory Coast, is a fitting symbol of Britain's subservience to the Reagan administration's increasingly aggressive policies in Africa. These policies are epitomised in the planned doubling of US military aid to sub-saharan Africa to $201 million for 1984 (against $78 million in 1980), and in the US air, sea and land military manoeuvres soon to start in Sudan and Somalia for the second consecutive year.

The US policies in several African theatres have already served to polarise the continent, and to drive southern Africa deeper into its present state of undeclared war. For the future they promise coups, instability and revolutions for US allies like Ivory Coast in West Africa and Kenya in East Africa, whose reputations in the West as African 'success stories' have begun quietly to collapse.

Last month President Houphouet Boigny visited Washington where he was feted by President Reagan and hailed as a protector of western private investment in Africa and as the bulwark against the spread of Libyan influence in the region. The 76-year-old President had a distinguished career within the French government before independence. He has honorary degrees from French, American and Israeli universities. In Washington and London he presents, of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course, a much-needed reassuring picture of Africa – the expensive dark suit, cultivated French tastes, a leader comfortable with western hypocrisy. No one in Washington would have mentioned the ominous signals of last March's confrontations in the street of his capital, Abijan, between students demanding freedom of speech, and the paramilitary police; nor the growing resentment among the educated unemployed against the 60,000 well-paid Frenchmen in their country.

Ivory Coast and western government and business interests are drawing even closer now in response to Libyan aid to some West African neighbours, whose political priorities are worrying threats to Ivory Coast's stability. Libya has given oil credits to the revolutionary government in Ghana and military aid to the radicals in Upper Volta. (The key men in Upper Volta were promptly removed from their influential positions in the government and the military by a French-organised coup in May.) The Libyans have started clandestine radio broadcasts into Upper Volta supporting the ousted Captain Thomas Sankara. They are using radio Bardai, the radio station of the Libyan-backed side in the Chad civil war.

But it is Chad itself which is really worrying western governments and their African allies like President Houphouet Boigny. The huge strategic desert territory, which borders such key western allies as Nigeria and Sudan, has been a power vacuum during the 18 years of periodic civil wars. Chad used to be the scene of factional scrapping for the spoils of power. Now the US has made it the frontline of its anti-Libyan crusade.

Embarrassingly for the Americans, the CIA's direct responsibility for removing President Goukouni Oueddei from power in 1981 emerged in Washington this month in closed door briefings to the Intelligence Committee of the House of Representatives. The CIA representatives explained that they had *only* intended to make Colonel Gaddafy sorry he had ever sent troops into Chad. Typical of the crudeness of US interference in Africa, the CIA's $10 million expenditure on arms and training in Chad affected the outcome more dramatically than was expected. President Goukouni had been trying to hold together a fragile coalition government of 11 political groups with Libyan aid. The CIA ousted him inadvertently and installed the present President Hiccone Habre who is now defying the Organisation of African Unity and refusing a ceasefire.

This month's threat from Goukouni's government in exile, with its Libyan backing, made President Houphouet Boigny, fresh from Washington, call for direct French intervention. Other western allies in West Africa – Togo and Zaire – also called for French action. Military supplies from US allies Sudan and Egypt have flowed in to Chad, as have French arms and advisers. US proxies, in the shape of Zairois combat troops and Mirages aircraft are in action. Convenient propaganda about mysterious East German advisers on the other side has been noted by those parts of the French press close to what are delicately known as 'western intelligence sources'. □

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Chartist on trial

Jan Kavan reports on the Lis case

THIS THURSDAY, 21 July, Czech Charter 77 spokesman Ladislav Lis stands trial at the District Court of Ceska Lipa in Northern Bohemia. If convicted, he could be sentenced to up to three years' imprisonment, under Article 100 of the Penal Code.

Lis has been in prison since January (see *NS* 4 February). He is accused of 'distributing material of an inciting character against the socialist state system', listening to Radio Free Europe and slandering the Czech security police. In a letter to the Regional Public Prosecutor of Usti had Labem, which has reached the London-based Palach Press, Lis claims that the evidence against him is one-sided and contradictory and that the real reasons for his trial are his political attitudes, particularly his support for co-operation with the unofficial Western peace movements and his Charter 77 activities. He argues that Charter 77 is not 'an enemy hostile to socialism, but a human rights movement concerned about legality and justice'. While Lis was its spokesman, Charter 77 established close contacts with Western peace movements now being courted by Soviet and Czechoslovak politicians. In the West Charter enjoys the respect, among others, of the Communist Parties of Spain, Italy, Britain and Holland.

Lis freely admits to listening to Western radio stations, including RFE. He argues that such activities have not been illegal since the Nazi occupation, when they were punishable by death. In addition, Major Melichar, chief of the North Bohemian Security Police Special Squad, has been aware of the fact for years.

A year ago, Lis received a blackmailing letter, threatening the lives of his children. When asking the Minister of the Interior formally for protection, he reminded him of earlier threats by security police officials that 'his family would be destroyed' if he did not give up his Charter 77 work.

The witnesses against him, says Lis, fall into two categories: those who have been intimidated into denying their association with him and those set up by the secret police. One of the wilder statements accuses him of dressing up in military-style uniform and shouting pro-Hitler slogans. Lis's socialist convictions and total opposition to 'fascism and totalitarianism of all kinds' are well-known. He won a medal for bravery in armed resistance against the Nazis.

Born in 1926 into a working-class family, Lis trained as a lathe operator, but in the late 1960s graduated from law school. In 1943 he had joined the then illegal Communist Party of Czechoslovakia, and during the Prague Spring of 1968 became Secretary of the Prague Municipal Communist Party Committee. After the Soviet invasion in August 1968 he was one of the main organisers of the clandestine 14th Communist Party Congress, held in a factory in occupied Prague. Soon afterwards he was expelled from the Party, and in 1977 signed Charter 77. Between 1978-79 he spent a total of nine months in detention, but was never tried.

As the Charter's spokesman in 1982 Lis was largely responsible for promoting a dialogue with the Western peace movement. Its relative success and the upsurge of Charter 77 activity prompted the authorities to silence him. His health is fragile, and may not withstand several years of imprisonment. On the eve of the recent Prague World Peace Assembly, the Charter 77 spokesmen were warned by the security police not to link Lis's name with the peace movement, partly to avoid embarrassing questions from the Western peace delegates and partly to avoid what the authorities would perceive as politically adverse publicity in the West. It seems that to a large extent they were successful. For example, nothing was said at the Assembly and, to date, no British national newspaper has publicised Charter 77's position on the peace movement, nor Lis's role in formulating it, though the information was made available. □

inti-illimani

IN CONCERT FOR CHILE

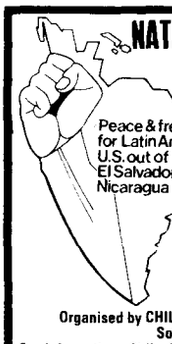
3rd September
Royal Festival Hall, LONDON
Box Office 01-928 3191

4th September
Colston Hall, BRISTOL
Box Office 0272 291768

6th September
Assembly Rooms, EDINBURGH
Box Office 031-226 5257

7th September
Town Hall, LEEDS
Box Office 0532 562435

8th September
Guildhall, CAMBRIDGE
Box Office 0223 357851



NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION
SUNDAY, 11th SEPTEMBER
Assemble 1p.m. Clerkenwell Green
Rally in Trafalgar Square
1973-1983: TEN YEARS OF RESISTANCE IN CHILE
Organised by CHILE, EL SALVADOR and NICARAGUA Solidarity Campaigns
For information: Chile Solidarity Campaign, 129 Seven Sisters Road, London N7. Tel: 01-272 4298

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHILE

Régime at bay

Leslie Crawford looks back over the Pinochet decade

AFTER TEN YEARS of disastrous economic management and autocratic rule, General Pinochet now has one achievement to his credit: he has united the opposition to his régime. Working-class opposition has never been in doubt, but Pinochet's 'natural' social base has been crumbling in the wake of the increasing numbers of business failures and bank closures. The professional classes, which were once a pillar of support for the régime's free-market borrowing policies, are now outspoken critics.

One of the most striking features of recent protest has been the sense of *déjà-vu* from the pot-banging and horn-blowing which characterised middle-class opposition to Allende's Popular Unity. The participation of the powerful lorry drivers' federation in last month's general strike was also an unpleasant reminder for the Pinochet régime that the forces which eventually helped overthrow its predecessor ten years ago have now changed sides.

Sensing the erosion of his public support, Pinochet embarked on an experiment in populist politics. In a whirlwind schedule of visits to the provinces, he reduced prices and granted wage-hikes in the sickliest tradition of benevolent despotism. In his speeches, he poured contempt on businessmen who got themselves into debt (although his economic policies clearly encouraged them to do so) and accused them of being responsible for the country's present ills.

Pinochet's actions are those of a ruler who is rapidly losing control. He has allowed political criticism to emerge, while clamping down arbitrarily in isolated cases. In a celebrated incident this year, he expelled the president of the Wheat Farmers' Association (generally a bastion of conservatism), for daring to complain about the government's crippling agricultural policy. In another case, he deported three foreign priests in comic-opera style, sending 50 armed police agents in 14 cars to grab two of the priests from a church and race them to the airport. The priests were accused of running 'politically oriented' soup kitchens in the poor areas of Santiago.

Not all of the repression in Chile, though, is carried out in this absurd fashion. A new anti-riot unit dealt with demonstrators in the last two 'Days of National Protest', and were nicknamed 'Gurkhas' for their ferocity. There was also a chilling re-enaction of the early days of the dictatorship, when the police sealed off five *barrios* (shanty towns) and rounded up thousands of people for interrogation in football stadiums.

Camera Press

Dictator whose time is running out

The unions have also faced a concerted barrage of threats, harassment, arrests and police violence. In the run up to the general strike, which was called to protest against the detainment of Rodolfo Seguel, the copper workers' leader, the government deployed tanks and heavy artillery outside the copper union's headquarters and carried out military manoeuvres close to the mines. The military have also used conciliatory tactics to divide the unions, offering special bonuses to some workers at the Chuquicamata copper mine and hinting that it might be prepared to restore some of the union's past privileges.

HEAVY PRESS censorship robbed the general strike of any publicity. The real fear of unemployment, which now affects one in three of the working population, was perhaps the greatest single factor to deter people from heeding the call. The government also moved to deprive the workforce of its leadership. To date, 20 union leaders have joined Sr Seguel in jail. Ten of them are charged with violation of Chile's state security law, which carries penalties ranging from 541 days to five years' internal exile or deportation.

However, the partial success of the strike concealed the much greater victory of the achievement of labour unity. Five union federations, representing 200,000 workers, have formed a National Worker's Command to fight the dictatorship. The traditionally militant copper workers' union now has the support of the moderate public employees' union (ANEF), which joined the opposition after the murder of one of its leaders, Tucupel Jimenez. And now the lorry drivers have joined the ranks of opposition, with their power to bring the country to a halt by means of a transport embargo.

Pinochet has also been unable to halt the drift into opposition of the (disbanded) right-wing parties. After ten years of hermetic rule, the attempt to launch a civil-military political movement to back his government has seriously backfired. The politicians have been playing their cards carefully, seeking to capitalise on any differences between junta members and between the junta and the President.

Meanwhile, the Christian Democrats have had a highly successful re-affiliation drive, which has given them 14,000 new card-carrying members. The Left has been trying to use the surge of open protest as an incentive to unification, with several factions of the Socialist Party having grouped to form the Comité de Unidad Socialista.

Thus, Pinochet's support has been reduced to the armed forces and the international banks, which obliged by rescheduling Chile's $18 billion foreign debt (the largest per capita debt in Latin America) and lending $1.3 billion in new loans. For its part, the IMF has expressed '100 per cent support' for what the government is trying to do. However, the disclosure that Chile had to pledge its $600 million gold reserves in return for a $180 million bridging loan to meet an urgent cash shortage is reported to have upset certain sectors of the military. When Dr Allende tried to pawn the nation's reserves to get loans in 1973, he was checked by the same men.

The actual level of opposition to Pinochet within the officer corps is not easy to gauge. He has kept a tight grip over the armed forces. The army in particular is laced with his informers. Nevertheless, letters are alleged to be circulating among officers, containing accusations of nepotism and corruption. The most glaring example of Pinochet's princely lifestyle is the massive presidential palace on a prominent hillside, recently completed with public funds. Some officers believe that this seriously damages their 'professionalism' and are now covertly trying to negotiate with civilian organisations for Pinochet's removal.

So Pinochet's days appear to be numbered. The military will certainly try to distance themselves from Pinochet's personal record, but it remains to be seen whether they too can survive the crisis which has undermined their leader. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

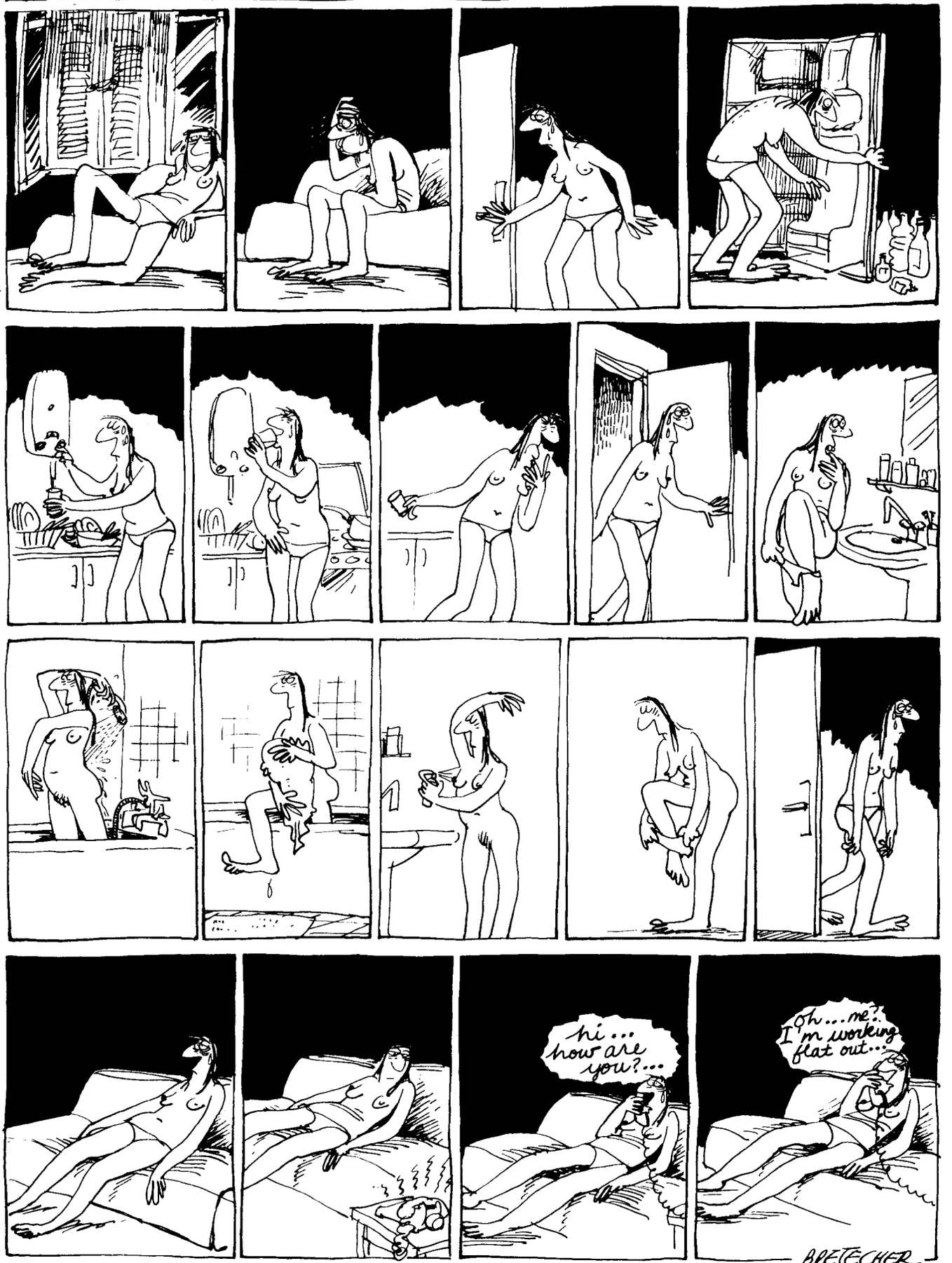
□ A Harley Street doctor yesterday called for the castration of murderers, rapists and violent criminals. 'I am in favour of the death penalty, but there is always some risk that the wrong man would be executed. If you take the wrong man's testicles off, it's not quite such a tragedy.' – *Sheffield Morning Telegraph* (Carol Rowntree)

□ Quips about the sleepiness of country life were given new force yesterday by a High Court hearing into a Welsh community council election. Two judges heard that the returning officer was so exhausted that he announced the wrong candidate as winner – and that everyone else at the count was too tired to notice the mistake. – *Guardian* (Jon Simmons)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRETECHER

HEATWAVE



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Dial H for Hanging

Dermod Quirke, London SW4

As a bizarre contribution to the national debate on capital punishment, BBC Radio 4 arranged a phone-in 'poll'. At 6.59 pm on the eve of the Commons debate, listeners were invited to dial one of two numbers to record a 'yes' or 'no' vote to a crudely simplistic question. Those who managed to catch the numbers had just one hour to cast their vote.

The result of this curious exercise was 52 per cent in favour of capital punishment and 48 per cent against (there was no provision for 'don't knows'). This was felt to be worth reporting as serious news on 'The World Tonight'.

To test the reliability of this novel polling procedure, I made repeated calls to the 'no' number from 7.00 until about 7.30, using an automatic dialler. Out of my 157 attempts, only 30 were successful: I cast 28 votes against capital punishment, and two in favour. No doubt there were many others who took similar advantage of the ludicrous lack of control over multiple voting.

But it was all wasted effort: the number of votes was determined, not by the actual support for the two sides, nor yet by the number of automatic diallers used, but by the capacity of the two switchboards. With only 40 lines each, they were physically capable of recording only about 14,000 calls each; and that is what they did. The slight majority in favour of hanging merely reflects the fact that, on average, 'yes' voters hung up marginally faster after recording their vote.

The BBC has debased the standard of political debate by this crudely uncontrolled parody of an opinion poll. Yet 'The World Tonight' chose to report it as a significant test of listeners' views. As 28 of the people who voted against hanging, two of those who voted in favour, and 127 of those who were disenfranchised by congestion on the lines, I wish to register 157 protests!

Walworth Road replies

J. E. Mortimer, General Secretary, The Labour Party, London SE17

It is right that we should examine Labour's organisational machine (*NS* 15 July). But two fundamental problems have to be resolved.

First, no machine can overcome disunity about policy, an appetite for internal feuding and a failure on the part of some to support vigorously the Party's policy during an election.

Secondly, our financial situation is not, as your article suggested, only a small part of the problem. It affects almost everything we do. A year ago we were due to end the financial year with an overdraft which exceeded the limit set by the bank. The number of staff at Walworth Road was then cut and a pay freeze was imposed in response to current claims. We even had to ask for substantial outside donations to meet redundancy obligations. By these means the Party managed to keep the overdraft within the limit set by the bank.

Not surprisingly, however, these measures did not always secure the approval of the staff. We had some disputes. Despite these problems the staff representatives have shown sympathy with the problems of the Party while legitimately defending their members' interests. The staff worked extremely hard during the general election. I assure you that the indications of disunity on policy during the general election were as painful to us at Walworth Road as to active workers in the constituencies.

Yes, of course, it would be very helpful to have central membership records, a new fund-raiser, an up-to-date computer that does not break down nearly every week of the year, modern equipment including word-processors, more agents in the constituencies, more staff on campaign work, and a bigger circulation of *Labour Weekly* to reduce the subsidy which we now have to meet. All this costs money. We are struggling to eliminate an overdraft, income in real terms is falling not least because of declining trade union membership and the government's proposed new legislation on trade unions may make things worse. We have no reserves. Incidentally we do not, as your article implies, own Walworth Road. We are tenants.

Staff who are researchers or journalists cannot simply be sacked and replaced by agents. We have no spare cash for redundancy payments. Nor can they be switched permanently to other duties if this is neither their wish nor their skill.

Your article states that recommendations of previous enquiries have not been implemented or even considered. This is misleading. They have all been considered, some have been implemented, some have not been accepted – mainly because of money – and some are still being discussed. Changes will be reported to the annual conference.

Money is not the only requirement for effective organisation. Nevertheless without an adequate income the Party is crippled. Some progress has been made in arresting the financial decline but much still remains to be done.

Addled brains?

Brian Donald, Kirkcaldy, Fife

As a lifelong socialist and a professional boxing referee may I reply to Jim Mulligan's hopelessly unbalanced article on boxing ('A very brutal show' *NS* 15 July)?

Boxing is a microcosm of all human existence. A human existence that has thrown up Caligula and Christ; Mother Theresa and Irma Griese; the sacred and the profane. The anti-boxing squad always present dishonest arguments because they consistently ignore this moral duality.

Mr Mulligan describes boxing as one of the 'most degrading activities still tolerated by civilised society'. This is arrant rubbish in *some* senses. Boxing did not degrade Benjamin Caulfield who subsequent to being the lightweight champion of Illinois in 1912 became Professor of Biblical Literature at the University of Chicago; a lifelong participation in boxing has not prevented Vernon Scannell from being a better than average poet; thousands of rounds of hard fighting did not prevent Henry Armstrong (he held three world titles at different weights) from subsequently becoming a Baptist minister.

For every unfortunate like Beau Jack who made thousands as world lightweight champion and then zoomed dizzily downwards to his present job as boot-black boy in a Miami hotel must be placed Chuck Davey, a college graduate who despite absorbing a hard beating from Kid Gavilian in 1952 now owns the third largest insurance agency in the United States. For every Sonny Liston who died from a heroin overdose must also be placed Gene Tunney, friend of George Bernard Shaw, and recipient of a merciless hammering from Harry Greb *before* he became a millionaire and father of a US Senator.

True, some boxers are injured and occasionally die from occupationally based injuries, but examine the 'Business for Sale' columns of any newspaper and one is struck by the number of people with health problems – is that an argument for abolishing business? Numerous jazz musicians have expired from drugs and alcoholism directly attributable to the life style of itinerant jazz musicians – is that an argument for abolishing jazz? Rugby – unbeloved by the medical profession – kills more people than professional boxing in the UK: the statistics confirm this.

Those who seek to ban boxing are making the same mistake as those who sponsored the Volstead Act in the US, which outlawed booze and produced Al Capone and the St Valentine's Day massacre. Boxing maims some people. Boxing kills some people. But boxing also permits hoodlums like Rocky Graziano to reform so that they become prosperous and decent citizens in middle age. One wonders what John Gully would have made of Mr Mulligan's diatribe – Gully who, thanks to bare-knuckled boxing, escaped the stench of a 19th century debtors' prison to become MP for Pontefract, a cool millionaire and the owner of two horses which won the Derby.

Language schools

John Andrews, Chairman, Association of Recognised English Language Schools, London

With another summer upon us, we professionals in the all-year-round recognised English language schools brace ourselves yet again for the adverse publicity which is occasioned year after year by some exposure of fly-by-night operators. As such, your piece ('Crash courses', *NS* 8 July) does a public service by exposing an alleged 'shark', but is less than fair to the rest of us.

Our Association (ARELS) has a Code of Conduct, and strict criteria for inspection and recognition are applied by the British Council panel of inspectors, in the footsteps of the DES. Although we certainly take the view that it is management's job to manage, it is untrue to allege that our Association has 'a clear anti-union stance'. Some member schools have had recognition agreements with MATSA for a good many years, and have a good record of involving their teachers in consultations through the union. Teachers have proper contracts, and are required to be graduates with professional training.

So – please don't clobber the salmon along with the sharks!

Running scared

L. J. Boughey, Wallasey

David Rose's gibe at some people whom he labels 'fatties' (Letters 1 July) is perhaps unintentionally harmful, but is nonetheless a very unpleasant and demeaning insult. Change 'fatties' to 'Jews' in his last sentence and you have a phrase worthy of the Third Reich in its disgust at people classed as degenerate. People who are fat and ugly, and have to endure a society in which 'beauty' and 'fitness' are made to be so important, can do without Mr Rose's attempts to impose 'fear' and 'guilt' (his words) for lacking these 'qualities'. An Aryan physique will not be a pre-requisite for a seat in the socialist sun. Maybe, if Mr Rose applies vigorous exercise to his brain rather than his body, he might put the struggle for socialism before elitist pursuits of the latest trendy fashion from California. Those who are seriously concerned about personal health will not find the solution in the current media-inspired craze for a carefully commodified and privatized (and profitable!) health, fitness and beauty, which merely exploits feelings of 'fear' and 'guilt' created within capitalist society.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christopher Hitchens

Portrait of a mood

Cyril Connolly: Journal and Memoir
DAVID PRYCE-JONES *Collins* £12.50

There is a difference between an epigram and an aphorism. Cyril Connolly, who certainly understood the distinction, seems never to have cared much about it. David Pryce-Jones, who refers to Connolly's style as 'aphoristic', seems not to know the difference. An epigram is a witty saying or a deft observation. An aphorism is a concise or clever statement of a truth or a moral. Epigrams, then, are amoral, ephemeral and often produced purely for effect, while aphorisms have a certain solemnity and preachiness. I think it no insult to Connolly to describe his stuff as, at its best, epigrammatic.

Oscar Wilde, somewhere, makes one of his characters a martyr to the epigram. The man is prepared to ruin his own argument or poison a valuable social occasion for the sake of coining a swift and memorable *mot*. Connolly seems to have been like that – fatally tempted by the bitch remark or (if you'll allow me) the momentary shaft. He would jeopardise friendship for gossip and dinner-parties for one-liners. This was the destructive obverse, perhaps, of his youthful will to please; his discovery that being amusing and obliging was a hedge against ostracism. 'Diverting' might be the word here, with its twin connotation of wit and deflection. For much of his life, Connolly seems to have put off the reckoning by reverting to the skills and artifices of boyhood.

'Boyhood' also seems an appropriate keyword. Connolly's 'Theory of Permanent Adolescence' seemed dated a couple of decades ago, with its stress on the retarding and narcissistic effects of public school *mores* on English life. But it may have surfaced again, resplendent and reborn, in the half-affectionate cult of the Sloane Rangers and the recent influx of hereditary porkers into the House of Commons. Like Connolly himself, this generation seems doomed and determined to evolve from *joli-laid* into *laid* as fast as can be.

Pryce-Jones remarks quite aptly of Connolly that, 'With some part of himself, he managed to believe that his head start and his many privileges really had been handicaps'. Thus equipped, he fought a long battle against not deprivation but inanition. Decades seem to have gone by, on the evidence of this book, with its hero undergoing a random series of moods, fluxes, deferrals, fads and lapses. The effect is enervating rather than otherwise, because Connolly's changes of pace and rhythm give no impression of energy, but simply of restlessness and occasional despair. It would be a chronicle of wasted time if it had not produced some writing of quality, and some worth while reflections on the elusive business of friendship.

Connolly rather specialised in epicene yearning and smouldering, as only an adolescent who has been smitten with his peers can yearn and smoulder. In a letter to Robert Longden ('Bobbie'), written when he was at Oxford in 1924, he implored:

> Anyhow please don't sleep with Ronnie, he is too tall for you. Smith would be better (this is the page of a letter that one's parents always find) . . . I get awful πoθoS here, not seeing a soul all day and having a nice bedroom with a fire. . . .

Hero worship, jealousy, the classics – Simon Raven has spun trilogies out of less (without adding the slightly comfy and banal bit about the fire and the bedroom). But the impress of schooldays seems, as it does in Raven's fictional betrayals, to be indelible. By 1939, with air raids and conscription in prospect, Connolly is writing of wartime that, 'if we're all back at school one must be a prefect'. Two major qualities of public school life seem to have stayed with him despite his effort, in *Enemies of Promise*, to exorcise and ridicule the whole idea. The first was a certain eagerness to truckle and toady to those above or ahead of him; possible patrons like Berenson, Pearsall-Smith and Nicolson. The second was a marked tendency to shun and scorn, not outcasts (Connolly enjoyed slumming and the *demi-monde*) but the lower orders. On and on he goes about 'Jews' and 'niggers', and his only qualm about enlisting as a special constable in the General Strike is that he may thereby 'lose caste' with his more radical friends. Pryce-Jones's memoir, you may guess, will fit snugly against the more substantial bookend formed by the *Diaries* of Evelyn Waugh.

Reviewing *Enemies of Promise* in *Scrutiny*, Q. D. Leavis frowned upon its 'cosy social homogeneity' and claimed to detect, 'the relation between knowing the right people and getting accepted in advance of production as a literary value'. Pryce-Jones regards this as a smear, and as a caricature of how the 'right people' emerge. How does he know? There is a rampart of evidence, much of it thrown up by Mr Pryce-Jones, to show that Connolly was very careful indeed about the cultivation of contacts and outlets. Mrs Leavis may have been unkind – Pryce-Jones oddly accuses her of being jealous – but it's rash to assert that she wasn't on to something.

This book takes the form of an unevenly cut sandwich. First is Pryce-Jones's exegesis of Connolly's life and early letters. Then comes a longish and slightly indigestible

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'journal', spanning the years 1928-37 in the career of 'CC' and his pals. Finally, there is a thin slice of eulogy and apologia. The central section is, I find, a bit rebarbative. Peter Quennell and Maurice Bowra and Evelyn Waugh and Anthony Powell and much of Bloomsbury and good old 'Sligger' Urquhart, every nickname footnoted and every nuance spelled out in pokerface – do we really need all this again? There's some quite cutting stuff about the *NS* which I shan't give away, and some fresh glimpses here and there, but it's really another dose of the familiar compound. By which I mean: a dash of the remittance man, some rackety travelling, a tincture of furtive sex (with much sniggering about lesbians), and the business of voyaging long distances the better to fret about some spoiled darling left behind in the Home Counties. Every emotion is either ecstatic or near-suicidal, with the result that both kinds are transitory or shallow. In *The Rock Pool*, one of the best novels of booze and *anomie* ever written, this mental atmosphere somehow works. Laid out in its original staccato jotting, it cloys very fast. The only really absorbing thing is Connolly's gradual pupation into a heterosexual. Having left school under a cloud – a cloud no bigger than a boy's hand – he comes to see the point of women even if he does take a long and operatic time about it.

One comes back, or is returned, again and again to the business of 'Permanent Adolescence'. Pryce-Jones is perceptive about this loom of Connolly's youth, but occasionally very crass. In his reading of Orwell's account of prep school purgatory ('Such, Such Were the Joys') he makes two extraordinary and unfair judgments. One, that Orwell did not care about the fate of a rich Russian contemporary – or at least about the fate of that contemporary's father. Second, that Orwell used 'albino' as a term of abuse. I challenge anybody to look up the essay and find for Pryce-Jones in this. And if he is dense about Connolly's most famous schoolfriend, how is one to weigh his other opinions?

Amid the *longueurs* and the repeated sense of being, like Connolly himself, stranded in time, this book does supply the outlines of a portrait. A portrait of a mood rather than an age, and of a manner rather than a personality. It contains one of the most tragic lines I have recently read ('Once married, Cyril was never thin again') and one of the silliest ('Sexually', said Harold Nicolson, 'I represent a buffer state.') Parody and teasing are not quite enough, however. They seem to confirm, for Pryce-Jones as well as Connolly, the adage or maxim or apothegm or epigram or even aphorism that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first describe as 'promising'. □

If you wish to keep your
NEW STATESMAN
in good condition you should use a binder. It holds a half-year's copies and costs only £4.50 (£8.50 for two)
Please send remittance to:
NEW STATESMAN
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

PAKISTAN
Premen Addy

State of faith

Can Pakistan Survive?
TARIQ ALI *Penguin* £2.95

The creation of Pakistan was for its founder, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, a triumph of will and tactical acumen. For the Muslims of the subcontinent, whose cherished homeland this was to be, its consequences were fraught with tragedy. Jinnah had fondly hoped to build the new state in his own image: liberal, cosmopolitan, secular. But, as Tariq Ali observes, it was a house built on sand. With Islam as its raison d'être, the country's ruling class consisted mainly of an unholy crew of Punjabi landlords and bureaucrats, a Punjabi-dominated military and a middle-class refugee element from Uttar Pradesh in India who had first voiced the idea of a promised land, only to lose out to the military-bureaucratic rump for whom any prospect of sharing office was an anathema.

The subject masses, Punjabi, Sindhi, Pathan, Baluchi, and the majority Bengalis separated from the rest by 1,000 miles of Indian territory, resisted all attempts to chasten them into a common Islamic shape. Conflicting national, social, political and economic currents joined to fuel an explosive Bengali uprising in 1971, leading to the emergence of an independent Bangladesh.

In perhaps the strongest part of this book, Tariq Ali discusses the civilian interlude of Zulfiquar Ali Bhutto which followed this débâcle. The new Prime Minister's quicksilver intelligence was anchored to few moral constraints. He could be in turn coarse and charming, a man of the crowd and an aristocrat; but, like most demagogues, was prone to trim his sails to the prevailing wind. He appeased the Shah abroad and the mullahs at home in a desperate bid to retain power. However, every concession to his Islamic clerics emboldened them to ask for more. In the end they got in General Zia the obscurantist of their dreams and Bhutto paid for his weakness with his life.

As with Bhutto, so also with Jinnah. Recalling Lenin's observation that Shaw was a good man fallen among Fabians, Tariq Ali gives the impression that the Quaid-i-Azam was similarly placed in the Muslim League. Whatever Jinnah's early or inner distastes for mass politics he became a past master at manipulating these for his own ends. The ruthless methods by which he destroyed the Unionist inter-communal party of Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs in the Punjab would have done credit to a Tammany Hall mobster. Pirs and mullahs were pressed into service in the 1946 provincial elections. Their price inevitably was to be confessional politics in a confessional state. For Jinnah to have expected otherwise was a delusion.

Tariq Ali stresses correctly the contributions of the other players in the tragedy of India's partition: British deviousness, Congress obduracy, Hindu fanaticism and communist stupidity. In conclusion, a lot is said about the geopolitics of the region and the pressures facing Pakistan from Iran and Afghanistan without adding significantly to the commonly held perceptions of the Left. A deeper exploration of India's position and confidence would surely have been more fruitful.

The ties between India and the Soviet Union constitute one expression of this confidence. They are a fact of life and a stable one at that in a highly unstable world. However severe the buffetings from China and America, Indian foreign policy has proved exceptionally durable. Wisely, Tariq Ali refrains from prophesying a quick end to Zia's regime. Short of a military adventure it could be with us for some years yet. But go it will, eventually. □

BIOGRAPHY
Patricia Craig

High spirit

Colette
JOANNA RICHARDSON *Methuen* £12.95

Everyone is familiar with the story of the poor young wife locked into a room and instructed to write by a husband who realised in time that he was on to a good thing. We know about this instance of domestic bullying because of the satisfactory way it rebounded on the bully. Henri Gauthier-Villars, known as Willy, appropriated the major share of the credit due to the highly successful Claudine novels, but only temporarily; as in a fairy tale, the rightful authorship was soon acknowledged, and the pretender discredited.

Colette was 20 when she married Willy, after an idyllic childhood at Saint-Sauveur, in Burgundy, with a mother whom she worshipped, a one-legged Captain for a father, a luxuriant garden, cats, the smell of boiling chocolate on Sunday mornings, all kinds of splendours. Marriage brought disillusion, exploitation and literary success. The turn-of-the-century reading public was enchanted by Colette's gaiety and high-spirited sensuality. Claudine was followed by Minne, Annie, Renée, Léa and so on, all illustrating – even, in some cases, anticipating – an aspect of the author's life. By 1903, Willy's wife had become the companion of Missy (the Marquise de Belboeuf), a fashionable lesbian who flattened her chest with a wide rubber band and went about, to the delight of the gossip columnists, in mechanics' overalls.

At the same time, one of Colette's supplementary careers was getting under way. In 1906 she appeared at the Théâtre des Mathurins in the guise of a faun; a year later she

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Missy performed in a mime which came under a police ban after its first showing. Colette played the part of a female trouper with gusto up until the end of her thirties, when she married Henry de Jouvenel, politician and editor of *Le Matin*, and promptly bore him a daughter – her only child – nicknamed Bel-Gazou (Sweet Talk). Madame la Baronne de Jouvenel then turned to lecturing and nursing (during the War), as well as contributing dramatic criticism to one newspaper and a weekly column to another; between 1914 and 1920 she also published *L'Entrave*, *Mitsou* and *Chéri*.

As a result of her second marriage Colette acquired two stepsons, born in 1902 and 1907; she appears to have captivated one and repelled the other. Bertrand, the elder, whom she seduced in 1920 or thereabouts (we learn from this biography), has nothing but praise for her, while Renaud takes a highly critical tone over what he calls her monstrous egotism.

Both stepsons are quoted at length in Joanna Richardson's book; between them, she claims, with justice, they have 'added a new dimension' to our knowledge of Colette. We don't, however, get more than an inkling of the strains and tensions which her very difficult relations with both the younger de Jouvenels (half-brothers, one illegitimate) must have caused the novelist. Her marriage, perhaps inevitably, went on the rocks (this was due as much to her husband's philandering habits as anything else).

A third marriage was to follow, preceded by a ten-year liaison: in Maurice Goudeket, 16 years her junior, Colette at last found 'the perfect companion', the 'dearest friend'. Goudeket was a businessman-poet who, when times became hard, manufactured 'a fascinating tool for unblocking water pipes and lavatories'. This was in the early Thirties, when Colette herself embarked on yet another alternative career, that of beautician. The enterprise was not a success. 'The greatest living writer of French prose' soon returned to her proper profession.

Joanna Richardson has roped in a number of English literary figures to provide a comment on Colette – Rosamond Lehmann, Rebecca West (who only caught a glimpse of her once, walking her dog), Graham Greene, and so on. Oddly enough, there is no mention of Katherine Mansfield, who recorded in her journal in 1914, 'Colette Willy is in my thoughts tonight', and went on to remark, *apropos* of *L'Entrave:* 'I suppose Colette is the only woman in France who does just this. I don't care a fig at present for anyone I know except her' – putting her finger, characteristically, on the trait we most admire in Colette: her uniqueness. Innocence and worldliness, instinct and insight, provincial robustness and the extravagances of the *demi-monde:* these, conjoined, make a truly distinctive pattern in the novels of Colette. Joanna Richardson, in a work of exemplary thoroughness and reasonableness, perhaps fails to disseminate enough of the quality – stylishness, animation, call it what you will – which made her subject as remarkable and admirable as she was. □

AFRICA
Basil Davidson

History maker

Amilcar Cabral
PATRICK CHABAL *Cambridge* £22.50 & £9.95
In the Twilight of Revolution
JOCK McCULLOCH *Routledge* £6.50

Up to 1980, with the emergence of Zimbabwe, as many as 29 years had been required to unseat direct colonial rule or its equivalent from the continent of Africa, except of course for Namibia and South Africa, since the first if admittedly very partial independence of Libya; and the bemused and often bloodstained story of that 'transfer of power' has acquired an army of commentators even before the dust of battle is truly settled. Not surprisingly, the quality of the story-telling has ranged from the excellent to the awful, and few versions so far will be excused the revisions of hindsight.

But one thing has differed most signally from the 'Africa writings' of previous periods; and this has been the quantity of outside observation and testimony at first-hand or close second-hand to the Africans concerned. Even so, as we now get some way into the 'post-independence phase', the real experience of those who led or joined campaigns against colonial rule begins to elude the grasp of new 'experts' and 'specialists', partly because so few of Africa's anti-colonial rebels or revolutionaries were able, from lack of talent or of opportunity (much more often, I think, the latter), to record the motives and convictions that inspired them.

Amilcar Cabral, as it happens, was one of the handful of significant figures in the making of most recent African history who did in fact survive for long enough to explain themselves and record at least an outline of their experience. With five others he launched in 1956 a movement of nationalist protest in the remote and relatively small Portuguese colony of Guiné; and this movement, the PAIGC, grew and developed with such success that by 1974 its political and military leadership – although losing Cabral by enemy assassination a year earlier – was able to oust from Guiné, bag and baggage, an occupying army of some 30,000 Portuguese troops; and, in the course of doing it, assist decisively in unseating a 40-year-old dictatorship in Portugal itself. Political influence moved on that occasion from Africa to Europe for the first time since the end of the Middle Ages.

Aside from forging the strategy that produced these achievements, Cabral was outstandingly good at explaining himself; and in the tale of those tormented years he became perhaps the most influential and perceptive of all of Africa's spokesmen. His writings cover several hundred pages, and many of those already in print, as these two latest commentaries again confirm, possess the intellectual power and depth to survive as crucial documents in the history of our times. That is no doubt because they were invariably the fruit of meditation on real and practical situations: the work of a most self-demanding thinker who occasionally raised his head, as it were, from the work in hand so as to tell you with a direct and brilliant clarity just what was going on.

Even when Cabral was writing for diplomatic effect, he allowed himself no departure from the rigours of the 'here and now'. And so it came about that the corpus of his writings could embody the truths of his life and work, and, because they manifestly did so, could win a wide audience among readers far removed from the action in which Cabral involved himself. Those in that audience who then accepted the central lesson of Cabral's teachings, and put their own commitment into the convictions that derived, went on to apply themselves most fruitfully to the 'here and now' with results unusually good for scholarship and the general understanding. Barry Munslow has just proved this once again with a first-rate book about FRELIMO and Mozambique (Longman, £13.95 & £5.95).

Chabal comes in a different category. Youth evidently debarred him from any personal experience of the action of Cabral's life and work, while considerations common in a doctoral candidate – that is, on the orthodox side – have held him from the commitment to militancy that Cabral invariably asked of those who claimed inspiration from his ideas and work. Given these handicaps to perception, Chabal has given us a book – neither a biography of Cabral nor a record of the liberation of Guiné, but something skilfully between – which by my recollection is largely accurate and often judicious. Much that he has to say is admirably sound and sensible.

There are weaknesses which could have been avoided. He has failed to exploit available testimony on two central and most dramatic episodes: the wrecking prelude of 1963, and the astonishing history of the ways in which the PAIGC finally won their war. His shaky hold on the military record is forgiveable, but his claim to omniscience (another familiar temptation of the ambitious doctoral candidate) less so. A final chapter on the companion movements of the PAIGC in Angola and Mozambique is merely superficial. Nevertheless, Chabal's commentary, as another interim contribution to whatever Clio may eventually decide, will find its place.

Jock McCulloch is a political scientist who has written an interesting if at times obscurely argued analysis of the ideas which, he thinks, joined or separated Cabral from other socialist thinkers of his time and condition. This is another useful contribution to a subject whose complexities are only now beginning to be handled, even if, as it appears to me, McCulloch tends to lose his way in debate about persons, notably Fanon, who had no real presence on the African scene. The debate in any case continues, and Cabral would have liked that. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIOGRAPHY
Gillian Wilce

Pro-lifers

Fury on Earth:
A Biography of Wilhelm Reich
MYRON SHARAF *Deutsch* £16.95
Neill of Summerhill:
The Permanent Rebel
JONATHAN CROALL *Routledge* £12.95

These biographies treat the lives of unusual, sometimes difficult men with detailed scrupulosity. Myron Sharaf is a psychotherapist and his book is the more specialised, demanding of the reader some kind of already rooted interest in its subject. Even though Reich's own papers were not made available to him, it is hard to imagine this life being readily superseded, and the same is true of Croall's very readable biography. Both books gather in reactions from relations, clients, pupils, acquaintance and colleagues across time and across the world. Neither author ever sacrifices the search for the truth to narrative ease; contradictions are admitted, varying versions included.

There is a temptation to make too much of the similarities between really rather different books, but they do have one other thing in common – a willingness to relate their subjects' later thought to childhood experience, particularly that of severe and domineering fathers. Reich's growing up was the more gothically bizarre, featuring adultery and suicide and an oddly active role for young Wilhelm himself. The origins of his concern for sexual development can clearly be guessed at, just as Neill's passion for humane education can be attributed to his attendance at the school of his strict dominie father. But neither biographer confuses hypothesis with fact or falls into the error of using interpretation of its genesis to denigrate the thought itself.

Both Reich and Neill suffered extreme public reactions to their views. The less turbulent Neill was capable of dividing his hearers at a sentence or two into disciples or scoffers. Reich was almost hounded from country to country, finally dying in an American prison in 1957. While he could have escaped the charge brought by the US Food and Drugs Administration had he played the legal game properly, it is also true that he received sadly little support (the NS among others refused to publish a letter from Neill about his friend's plight). Neill worked with far less harassment, although he was refused a US visa in 1950 because, though unlike Reich never a Party member, he had actually expressed sympathy for communism at some point in his life.

As Reich moved physically so he moved restlessly on from idea to idea – psychoanalysis, his own theory of character analysis, stress on orgastic potency, sexual-political clinics, the psychology of fascism, physical techniques in therapy, study of bions (a transitional form, he said, between the living and the non-living), orgone energy and the health-giving possibilities of orgone accumulators (the latter the occasion of his prosecution), control of the weather; a progress increasingly difficult to understand or sympathise with. His followers indeed became ever fewer. The force of Reich's undoubtedly autocratic personality, however, is not sufficient to explain the degree of hostility his work aroused even when it would seem to have been a relatively private matter. It is perhaps not surprising that towards the end of his life he suffered from paranoid delusions about a 'red fascist' conspiracy against him. The question remains: why was he seen as such a threat rather than as a harmless eccentric? Is it as simple as that he touched a painful communal nerve with his insistence on the health of unfettered, undistorted sexuality?

It was certainly this particular faith which drew him and Neill together. But where Reich declared messianically, 'A person like me comes along once every 1,000 years', Neill had no such estimate of his own worth. Both these believers in freedom had a contradictory streak of high-handedness, but Neill was never as all-consuming, all-demanding as Reich. In his letters to Reich (their correspondence was published by Gollancz recently), he expressed considerable humility before Reich's intelligence.

His own growth into his life's work came slowly. Enforced dominie-ship, a late degree, a try at journalism, chatty books on education, analysis with Homer Lane (a considerable influence) and brief engagements with international schools abroad preceded the founding of Summerhill in 1924. But from then on Neill stuck with the school's headship – usually enthusiastically, occasionally doggedly – until three years before his death at the age of 89. Through war and personal problems and financial difficulties he continued to do that rare thing, practise exactly what he preached: educating without any compulsion, encouraging self-government (and having to explain again and again that this was in no way the same as licence), believing in the goodness of children.

His own late-born daughter Zoe may sometimes have felt otherwise but if there was one common view expressed to Jonathan Croall it was that – theory or no – Neill himself had an extraordinary talent for understanding, loving and assisting children, particularly damaged children. His methods were gloriously unorthodox: rewarding theft, joining in window-breaking, with an uncanny knack of so getting on the child's side that child frequently ceased forthwith to steal or smash things. Whether the total freedom to do no lessons was the best system for developing talents is debatable. But Neill had stubborn, simple beliefs which had to be – and were – employed as a whole.

Croall concludes from his conversations with ex-pupils that Neill 'failed to produce the hoped-for pioneers who would set about reforming society', but 'a considerable number of adults now leading ordinary lives owe the fact that they do so to Neill'. Both Reich and Neill were in the long run disappointed (putting it mildly in Reich's case) by the reception of their ideas and would no doubt have remained uncomforted by the reasonable view that these ideas have been assimilated by some people in some ways in some places. The life of Reich leaves one still doubtful about his achievement as a whole, but, as Sharaf points out, numerous now quite familiar sounding therapeutic techniques can be traced to his work.

While state schools have to guard their property – no legitimised window smashing here (question: does freedom to opt out of the state educational system have a different ring to it when it is *for* a positive belief rather than to buy more of the same?) – yet schools are not what they were in Allie Neill's youth. Slowly authoritarian methods have been questioned, the assumption of their rightness shaken by such as Neill. Self-government has popped up here and there, in the health service too.

And yet, and yet – Reich and Neill would be right to feel their work very far from done. 'Casting out fear', said Neill, ought to be the motto over every school door. He and Reich were wont to distinguish people as being pro-life or anti-life. They would not find any shortage of anti-lifers in power now. Reichs and Neills are needed as much as ever, however odd or awkward they may seem, to remind us continually that there are alternatives to fearful establishments of all kinds. □

Ken Worpole

The philanthropists in white trousers

As darkness descends
So do the council painters
All robed in white
They lower their cradle
Pulley by pulley
End by end unevenly
A contraption of wood and ropes
The gods in the machine
Have descended to earth

With embarrassed gestures
Taking advantage of the dusk
They discard and secrete
Their celestial white apparel
In a wooden hut of pots and brushes
And disguised as mortals
Disappear into the crowds
Hurrying home from work

By early morning
Their mission is done
They count their numbers
And ascend to heaven

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Taliesin Tradition: A Quest for Welsh Identity

EMYR HUMPHREYS
Black Raven Press £10.95

Taliesin was an historical figure, a great praise-poet at the court of the kingdom of Rheged: he became as mythological as Merlin, particularly when Tudor propaganda tried to provide a sacred lineage and a foundation myth for a battle-field dynasty, and then again in the revival of Welsh learning in the 18th century. He became the model for the orators and poets in the 19th-century revival of the *eisteddfod*, virtually the creation of the amazing Iolo Morganwg, impresario, Unitarian, stone-mason and, alas, literary forger. Yet he did but gild the lily; the lily (or the leek) was there right enough. So the Taliesin tradition, which Emyr Humphreys sees as the key to Welsh identity, lies narrowly in ritual forms of poetry, more broadly in public oratory. Song, as a public pillar of the culture, was a later accretion.

According to Edmund Burke every nation builds its liberties on some peculiar point: with the English, he said, it was taxation, so the Americans were being very English to say 'no taxation without representation'. And the Welsh are being very Welsh to defend not simply the language (*most* nationalisms do that, though both Scottish and even Irish nationalism, let alone American, are quite separate and secure in English), but specific forms of public expression. Radio broadcasting is said to have created a Canadian nationalism in a territory that was once simply a legal compact between highly individual provinces. I think Emyr Humphreys makes his point, but is unduly worried by the relative decline of the language. Scottish and Irish experience should cheer him. The language and its poetry sustains nationalist intellectuals, but the Welshness of oratory and song still defines the national feeling of the English-speaking majority of the valleys of South Wales.

This distinguished author, who offers such a wise and mature reflection on nationalism, writes his novels in English and most of his poems too, though all concern the Welsh experience. He is a nationalist but not a separatist: a state does not create an authentic culture by itself, and a nation need not be a state. I suspect that separatism arises mainly when the English forget that we are a federation of nations, not a single nation, except in narrowly legal terms. What English writer could reflect so shrewdly on how the English character has been affected by the Celtic experience? Since Orwell's *Lion and the Unicorn*, most English writing on national character has been myopic tosh, and even Orwell confused 'England' and 'the United Kingdom'. Emyr Humphreys has written a classic book on national identity.

Bernard Crick

Womansize: The Tyranny of Slenderness

KIM CHERNIN *Women's Press* £4.50

At a time when physical size is a manic obsession among many of the population, Kim Chernin's book comes as a timely warning of how 'the tyranny of slenderness' cripples women's lives. For the diet industry's main target is women. To be fat *and* female is considered the grossest indecency in modern western society.

Although I am dubious about Kim Chernin's claims for the healthiness of being fat, I agree with her bold claim that 'our obsession with losing weight has nothing to do with a concern for health'. If that were the case, she argues, then doctors would not only stress the dangers of overeating, they would be equally emphatic about the very real dangers of dieting to excess. The cult of the diet is indicative of wider social attitudes, and the woman who fully absorbs those attitudes may well take dieting to its ultimate extreme.

Kim Chernin believes anorexia to be a revolt of the adolescent against her emerging womanhood and she offers two explanations: the first, that we all fear the hugeness of our mothers when we are babies, and go on to fear big women as adults, is based in psychoanalysis and is not convincing; the second, that social pressure to be thin is a backlash against emerging feminism, seems terrifyingly logical. She argues that 'in the feminist groups the emphasis is significantly upon liberation – upon release of power'. But, with dieting, the 'emphasis is upon restraint and prohibition . . . the control of the hungers of the self'. Anorexia, she concludes, is inverted feminism: with no power in a man's world, then at least you exert *absolute* power over your own body.

Kim Chernin has a persuasive and lyrical style, in the radical mould of American writers such as Andrea Dworkin and Susan Griffin. Her book should be compulsory reading – handed out with every diet sheet.

Barney Bardsley

Agribusiness in Africa

BARBARA DINHAM and COLIN HINES
Earth Resources Research £4.95

Everyone knows that when large companies like Unilever, Tate and Lyle, Brooke Bond and Nestle argue that what is good for them is good for Africa, they are lying. Some of their arguments may sound superficially convincing ('we have the expertise, experience and capital') but the reality is that they exploit developing nations.

The usefulness of this careful and well-researched study by Dinham and Hines is in the ammunition it supplies. Drawing on evidence from 43 African countries they pile example on example of how transnational companies (a term they prefer to multinationals) do so little to feed the hungry but so much to boost their profits.

By promoting cash crops for export and encouraging the adoption of Western-style large-scale production systems, the transnationals ensure that countries remain dependent on foreign resources and expertise, thereby hindering the development of indigenous production methods. The exploitation is at its most blatant when African land is used to grow crops which are of no use or interest to Africans. Coffee, tea and cocoa have long been in this category, but they are now being joined by crops such as fresh flowers and out of season vegetables and fruit for European markets. Brooke Bond Kenya, for example, when prevented from enlarging its tea and coffee plantations, expanded into carnations, chrysanthemums and 'fluffy foliage which is popular as a green support for bouquets'.

The most ominous trend identified is the growth of massive aid-financed schemes for the production of staple crops like maize and rice involving US agribusiness companies. The authors warn that this could have the same disastrous results in Africa as experienced in Latin America and Asia.

The book contains an interesting comparison of the differing agricultural production strategies adopted by capitalist Kenya and socialist Tanzania. Although the authors seem to lean in favour of Tanzania's approach, they stress the severe difficulties faced by both countries. When one appreciates that Unilever, for example, has a turnover equal to the combined Gross National Product of 25 African countries, and that Nestle has annual sales 21 times Tanzania's total exports, this is hardly surprising.

Rob Edwards

A Childhood

JONA OBERSKI *Hodder* £5.95

Paradoxically this is the sort of book which once started is difficult to go on with, but not because it is badly written. On the contrary, it is convincingly presented in the style of a small boy who watches and endures Nazi persecution at its dehumanising and destructive worst, and his account is harrowing.

Oberski describes through this child's eyes the feelings and experiences he has when his Jewish family is arrested and transported from Amsterdam to the death camps. The regrettably familiar trappings of the holocaust machine are witnessed by Oberski's innocent victim – midnight summonses by armed troops, the wearing of the yellow star, mass deportations in cattle-trucks, his parents' last love-rites in animal conditions. The bewildered boy watches and suffers. His parents die in the process, and he himself is liberated by advancing Soviet columns.

In this short, intense novel, Oberski, a survivor of Belsen, convinces us with childlike simplicity of the real horror of Nazi atrocities. It has no need to be longer: our spiritual suffering at one remove is too appalling to endure in any more extended form; it is a classic of its type.

Brian Martin

John Clare and Picturesque Landscape

TIMOTHY BROWNLOW *Oxford* £15

Specifically eschewing the more dramatic 'asylum' years, this unpretentious study aims at the 'genuine order' of Clare's work. Brownlow measures Clare against the preceding naturalist and Romantic poets, the innovators of the Picturesque – the art of the irregular, of multiplicity; and he accounts for Clare's conflict with the 18th century, which surveyed and controlled space with 'prospects' from 'elevations' gaining an 'eminence'. Much of Clare's struggle was clearly with the social and political, as well as the visual, ordering of the 18th-century landscape which led to remarks such as Repton's about language 'that marks the distinction between the higher ranks of polished society and the inferior orders of mankind' and Reynolds', to Clare manifestly sinister, 'all smaller things . . . are to be sacrificed without mercy to the great'. Clare 'substitutes a molehill' for this 'Parnassus', seeing through the Picturesque to the Particular.

Brownlow is interested in the Picturesque as a preparation for the scientific aspect of the new age, particularly in the way Clare espoused it – his attention to detail and fact, comparison and checking, use of the senses and microscopic scale. He presents Clare as virtually a natural scientist who 'survived until the age of Darwin'. The glimpse of Clare in the 19th century to which he actually belonged makes his relationship with the 18th seem less humble and patronised, which underlines Brownlow's own decision not to treat him as Peasant Poet or neo-Blakean. Clare gains thereby a different, unalloyed gravity; given status among his contemporaries, he imperceptibly becomes a more confident poet, an acquaintance with whose still little-known work this book, with quiet but serious respect, offers.

Angela Harding

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

Richard Deveson

A worried man

Brilliant Creatures
CLIVE JAMES *Cape* £7.95
A Dance to the Glory of God
HUGH FLEETWOOD *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95
Watching the Detectives
JULIAN RATHBONE *Michael Joseph* £7.95

The main impression left by Clive James's **Brilliant Creatures** is one of anxiety. The adjective in the title is surely there, in part, to suggest subliminally that it's the author who's as brilliant as any of the characters he's writing about. A nervously joking four-page preface looks over its shoulder at Henry James, Gide, Montaigne, Peacock, Firbank, Nietzsche and several others, besides disclaiming all ambitions to do with writing real novels, winning the Booker Prize, being praised by academics, being original, being read at all. A 32-page appendix of pseudo-cultural-historical Notes by 'Peter C. Bartelski', of Sydney, Sussex, and Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge (yes, the disavowal of any vying with *Pale Fire* follows only seconds after it's occurred to us), proves very many times over, long after the joke's worn off, how many millions of books 'Bartelski's' progenitor has read, opera plots he can recapitulate, etc., etc., etc. An index of 14½ pages leaves any still-unimpressed reader in no doubt how many names have been dropped in the previous 300.

The question is: why can't Clive James ease up? Everyone's known for years how *brilliant he is, that he can quote foreign* languages at you, that he can make every line a one-liner. The fact that he is far too clever not to anticipate such doubts, and that he jokes about them, only adds to the air of anxiety. And he seems a prey to social anxieties too. It's not only his characters who appear obsessed with glamour and celebrity, money, insiderhood, private swimming pools, expensive meals, names of clothes designers (a fatal sign), makes of fast cars; not only his hero Lancelot Windhover who keeps moaning about the cost of taking taxis and the dreadfulness of going by the tube, frequented as it is mainly by foreigners and the underclass.

Yes, but what's actually happening in this novel? Well, as James says, it is an instance of the 'novel improper', and what happens isn't really the point. The brilliant creatures are mainly literary or rich or clever or famous (or several of these at once), and they gather at parties, hop into one another's beds, fly off to Los Angeles or Japan or Biarritz, and, especially, hold forth. The women tend to be beautiful and terribly wise (or loony). On the men, farcical disasters periodically descend. There is also a certain amount of analysing of motives and social cross-currents which is perhaps, on the whole, over-subtle and strained. James, one may guess, recognises, but rather reluctantly, that he is not another Anthony Powell or Kingsley Amis (two figures who, unlike almost everybody else, don't get any mention in the book), and that his gift is for caricature and wit, not for character and humour. And it certainly has to be said, after all the foregoing, that these 300 pages are full of dazzling wit, and that there's the vital sense of assurance from the first that they're going to be.

If only he wasn't so in awe of, or genial towards, glitter and success. Perhaps he should concentrate more on getting his teeth into people he really loathes. Among the best bits in the book are those involving Dick Toole, a comprehensively odious gossip writer: the send-ups of Toole's column are venomous, and, indeed, brilliant.

THE PEOPLE in **A Dance to the Glory of God**, Hugh Fleetwood's collection of stories, are not the brilliant creatures of this life. They are lonely, or loners: cripples, homosexuals who feel crippled, uncelebrated actors or dancers or painters, often living in self-imposed Italian exile; they have lost (though some think they have found) what they call 'reality' or 'God'; they invent things – ideas of themselves, private worlds, other people, stories. In each episode, one way or another, happily or unhappily, inwardness and outwardness collide. A homosexual actor comes back to a family reunion in England, and is shamed into joining (literally) in the dance: in his panic he asks an elderly grey-haired cousin, who he is somehow sure is 'real' and has, like him, 'fallen off the earth' – but she is (again literally) a cripple. A reclusive prodigy of an inventor hires an actor to live for him in the outside world; after many years, the actor has (perhaps) taken over the inventor's identity. (*So: can one person invent another?*) A homosexual actor, released from prison in Chile, where he has been tortured and crippled and has invented a 'world' in his head, now has to choose between writing his private story into public language, or following a smiling boy in the street, even though he knows he can't catch him up.

It is apparent how these (like two of the other) stories keep returning compulsively to the same themes. (And the final story, though a sort of fable from the Arabian Nights, is even more clearly all about story-telling.) In each case there is also a weak moment when private fantasy seems no longer held down as part of the pattern of ideas, but takes over control: thus, the family gathered at the dance turns into an implausibly jeering, chanting mob. But true feelings are truthfully recorded here.

Watching the Detectives, Julian Rathbone's third novel starring police Commissioner Jan Argand, is elegant, laconic, very readable – in fact, very English, for all that it's set in the (beautifully) invented Low Country of Brabt. This time neo-Fascist skulduggery meets the anti-nuclear Left, and Argand is taught a sobering lesson. □

ART

John Spurling

Order out of chaos

DR PERCIVAL, the evil MI6 man in Graham Greene's *The Human Factor*, is an admirer of Ben Nicholson's abstracts. Explaining to Colonel Daintry, a newcomer to the department, how to go about catching a suspected mole,

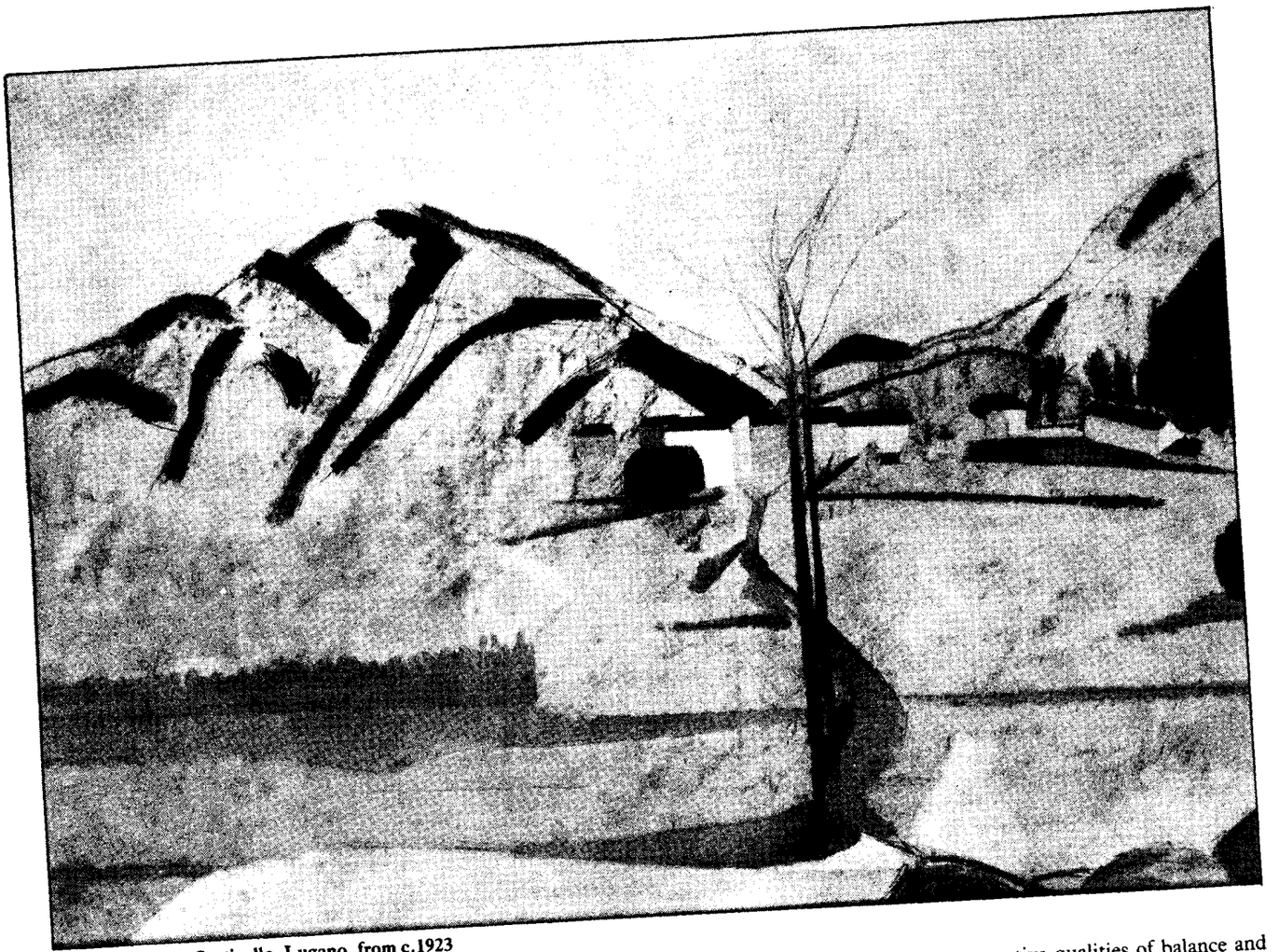
> Percival pointed at a yellow square. 'There's your Section 6. That's your square from now on. You don't need to worry about the blue and the red. All you have to do is pinpoint our man and then tell me. You've no responsibility for what happens in the blue or red squares. In fact not even in the yellow. You just report. No bad conscience. No guilt.'
>
> 'An action has nothing to do with its consequences. Is that what you're telling me?'

Although *The Human Factor* was published in 1978, Greene must have been drawing on pre-war reactions to Nicholson's work, for Dr Percival's reading of the picture as a paradigm of inhuman dissociation curiously echoes Hugh Gordon Porteus's review of Nicholson's white reliefs when they were first shown in 1935:

> It is, you might say, simply a lavatory artform, a clean antiseptic bathroom art which extracts from their functions the splash-board and the lavatory basin and sets them sleeping and dreaming together in a world whose objects are forbidden to have associations.

Only 16 years earlier Nicholson had still been painting accomplished Old Master-style still-lifes in the footsteps of his father, Sir William, and his mother, Mabel Pryde. At the Crane Kalman gallery (London, SW3) there is a pleasantly varied show of work by the whole Nicholson artistic connection, including ancestors and descendants of no great merit as well as the four heavyweights, Sir William, Ben, and his first two wives, Winifred Nicholson and Barbara Hepworth. **Ben Nicholson: The Years of Experiment** (Kettle's Yard, Cambridge) concentrates on the 20 years between the wars when Nicholson evolved into one of the leaders of the modern movement; and it culminates in just such an arrangement of yellow, blue and red squares, called *Painting, 1937*, as Greene describes. Jeremy Lewison, who has organised the exhibition and written its catalogue, addresses himself to the questions of why and how Nicholson went abstract and what sort of impact he made on his contemporaries. Nicholson's steady, cautious development is charted with exemplary clarity, so that, moving from painting to painting round the gallery, one can follow not only his technical progress in energising two-dimensional space and the increasing economy of his means, but, almost biographically, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Early Nicholson: Cortivallo, Lugano, from c.1923

contacts with and responses to other artists which helped him achieve it.

It's extraordinarily easy to pick out Nicholson's influences. Here, immediately after the First War, is a portrait which has borrowed tricks from Wyndham Lewis. Then, in fairly rapid succession, the Fauves, Cézanne, Paul Nash, Frank Dobson, Picasso, Braque, Christopher Wood, Alfred Wallis, Matisse, Miró, Calder and Mondrian leave their characteristic traces. Yet with Nicholson, unlike so many lesser artists, it is not so much a matter of imitation as of instantaneous receipt and return. He was a keen tennis-player and one can't help thinking of him poised there his side of the net with his eye so sharply on the ball that he was ready to redirect a serve from Miró or Mondrian almost before it reached him. Much of the excitement this show generates comes from its being a sort of tennis-match between the new English champion and everything that the modern movement in Europe could throw at him. Finally, he arrives at his own distinct and masterly creation, the white reliefs of 1935, which Porteus saw as 'a lavatory artform' but which Paul Nash thought 'should be regarded as the discovery of something like a new work'.

The gap between Porteus and Greene on the one hand and Nash and Nicholson on the other has never really been bridged. Nearly half a century later there are still plenty of otherwise intelligent people for whom Nicholson's and others' 'progress' into pure abstraction remains incomprehensible – a retreat from society and 'human interest', a reflection, as they see it, of part of the 20th-century disaster, to be associated with callous bureaucracy, brutal architecture and even state tyranny. Yet, of course, the most notorious state tyrannies of the period detested abstract art and sent several of its outstanding practitioners fleeing for safety to England and the US. Those who share Greene's opprobrious view of Nicholson cannot presumably feel altogether happy at being also in the company of Hitler, Stalin and Anthony Blunt, one of the chief British exponents in the Thirties of Social Realism.

Herbert Read, on the other hand, who somehow managed to be Greene's friend and hero (though not on account of his art reviews) at the same time as a leading defender of Nicholson and the modern movement, saw the fault as society's rather than the artist's. Faced with a chaotic world in which he had no function, the artist's only choice was to create his own reality, 'to concentrate on his technique and perfect his sense of form'. This was not Nicholson's view. For him the patient advance towards abstraction was an advance towards not away from reality. True, the reality he aimed at was somewhat mystical, a search for, in Nicholson's words, 'the understanding and realisation of infinity', but the more worldly might still enjoy its expression, as Lewison suggests, for its recuperative qualities of balance and serenity.

We, though, following Nicholson's development in distant retrospect, taking pleasure in all the stages of his gifted progress – the dinky, romantic landscapes of Cumberland or Cornwall, the fresh and beguiling still-lifes, the earthy textures (as if Nicholson could never quite forget his father's famous painting of Gertrude Jekyll's gardening boots), the pale pottery colours, the sense of light and space, the apparently effortless command of line and placement – can see with our own eyes, without the need of theory or argument, how in those purely geometrical abstracts of the late Thirties, Nicholson's genius is suddenly compressed and galvanised into its own ideal form. Far from being works which turn their backs on chaos, they stand as cool statements of classical order against chaos. Far from being inhuman, they express all that side of humanity – its freedom to invent, its mental rigour, its speculative energy, its philosophical idealism, its delight in abstracting for human contemplation the essential forms and colours of the natural world – which is most opposed to tyranny and barbarity. If Greene had thought a bit harder or looked more closely at a Nicholson abstract he would surely have made his Dr Percival an admirer of Social Realism, for if ever there was an art specifically designed to promote dissociation, to separate a society from reality, that was it. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS
John Coleman

Double trouble

Superman III (PG)
Warner; Classic, Haymarket; ABCs Shaftesbury Avenue, Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads; national release
Fade to Black (18)
Classics, Tottenham Court Road and Hampstead; Cinecenta

They'll be dishing them out on what remains of the health service soon. Before retiring, switch on the set and take a couple of sequels. Here follows the best that can be said of Richard Lester's **Superman III**; and it might be noted that the honest, genial and talented Mr Lester, who also directed *Superman II* when Richard Donner, the director of just *Superman* back in 1978 dropped out, comes across in the summer number of *Sight & Sound* as a mite less than enthusiastic about his latest chore: the phrase 'all cardboard' occurs, feelingly. But, to give Lester and the scriptwriters, David and Leslie Newman, their due, which will be nothing enormous, some four of the first six minutes provide old-style guffaws as dinky blonde baddie, Lorelei (Pamela Stephenson), struts her stuff through the main streets of Metropolis, or 'The Big Apricot' (those writers load every rift with ore), leaving an eye-swivelling chain of disasters in her wake: phone-booths collapsing like stacked dominoes, a blind man unwittingly adopting a road-marking machine when his dog takes off, Christopher Reeve as Clark Kent huffing out flames on one of a bevy of toy penguins sent maverick and as Superman rescuing a fellow in danger of drowning within his crashed car.

It's all go; and we have also been introduced to the big new import of Richard Pryor as the indignant indigent, refused further dole money, who flukily decides to take a computer course and is soon good enough at defrauding a firm owned by power-crazy Robert Vaughn to be enlisted by this necessary maniac in his plans to corner coffee, oil and – you guessed it – the world. Ms Stephenson is Vaughn's mistress and closet-intellectual; and dear Annie Ross is to hand as his Nazified butch sister: two promising castings given no room to develop.

Really all that develops is the film stock, which has its technical triumphs – as when Superman breath-freezes the surface of a lake and jets the huge disc of ice to douse a town-sized fire, or when the Pryor-character's cathedral-scaled canyon-hid computer rears its hydra-headed weapons against our hero.

Of interest to children under six and to those who hold sinecures in pop-cultural exploration may be some wet matter of Clark Kent's return to his roots in awfully well-named Smallville, where he meets an attractive ex-class-mate and divorcée (Annette O'Toole) and her small corn-fed son, who both fall for him as gosh-golly Kent. This: and some physical-metaphysical brouhaha whereby an overdose of synthesised Kryptonite briefly turns old Superman into a bar-fly with five-o'clock shadow, tupping Lorelei and wilfully straightening the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The brawl in a car-wrecking yard between this leering Superman and the noble Clark who astrally walks out of his body into combat had me shouting for the best Reeve to lose, but money-spinning movies do not countenance such back-to-the-wall prayers from the upper circle. Even the potential disruptions offered by Mr Pryor, a gesturing comedian of heartfelt genius, are forbidden to flower, one instant's aghast glance at the cream of Smallville's shop-window tailoring apart. A helluva lot of technicians probably deserve most of the honourable mentions but we are not running a trade paper here.

IN SUPPORT of this bravado, may I propose a visit to a quite other sort of movie of an order that usually arouses its ration of queasiness in this column. Vernon Zimmerman's **Fade to Black**, at a hazard a low-budget American occasion that has been hanging around for two, if not three, years comes – as it were – from nowhere, or (better) that limbo where movie-buffs make films about movie-buffs. It often looked fuzzy, more often striking in a slap-in-the-milk-teeth kind of style, using Los Angeles sites and sights with a bravura more commendable than not.

Those who spend their young lives in the dark of picture-palaces, or currently – Stateside – fall asleep in the small hours to such aphorisms as issued from the mouth of Edward G. Robinson, to such situations as found Cagney futilely defying fate before a high-up explosion in *White Heat*, will all too surely identify with the maniac short life and times of slim, timid Eric (Dennis Christopher), an inefficient delivery-boy for a film-supply company run by a man with a heart-condition, a nervous pill-popper.

Into callow Eric's movie-besotted existence a little reign inevitably falls: that of a cute Australian girl (Linda Kerridge), a chirpy would-be model who bears a remarkable likeness to the idol of his onanism, Marilyn Monroe. She quite takes to this earnest young weirdo, living in a place wallpapered with posters and photographs of his idols. Unfortunately, she forgets to turn up for a date that meant magic to him.

From there on, Eric's cackling echoes of Cary Grant, William Boyd as Hopalong Cassidy, Cagney as Cagney in several roles but terminally as *White Heat*'s doomed gangster, begin bouncing to lethal purpose. His wheel-chaired aunt-mother finds a propelled demise as he does a Widmark out of *Kiss of Death*. An unlucky whore encounters him in Dracula guise. His boss dies of shock as Eric stalks him bandaged as The Mummy.

A sense of where the line might be drawn between absurdity and a contemporary and clinical manner of pathos is very much something this unexpectedly head-on confrontation between a medium and its hooked messenger is about. A little as if Grandma Moses had lived to turn out story-canvases about the age of the video-cassette; a Sunday painter's movie of not-so-naïf appeal. □

TELEVISION
Mary Harron

Professionally ordinary

I'D LIKE to say a few words in tribute to one of the least recognised of television art forms, the Pedigree Chum ads. When Channel Four began they symbolised the access of ordinary people to the screen. Actually they symbolised the actors' strike that forced advertisers to drag in ordinary people, but no matter. The sight of a female dog trainer staring frozenly at the camera and repeating haltingly, 'I . . . heartily . . . recommend . . . Pedigree . . . Chum . . . It . . . is . . . good . . . for . . . every . . . dog', as she shook the loathsome substance out of its tin, set a few cracks snaking through the television image. It was a triumph of human hopelessness.

Gone, all gone. Pedigree Chum has learned its media lesson, and roped in new dog trainers, bluff colonels and winsome housewives, who project themselves just like actors.

The same is true of a new spin-off series, the Whiskas ads. Here, Mrs Jacqueline Clarke of Poynton glows at the camera, 'I love my cat Tiger and I give him the best.' Tiger stares at us with icy hatred as she glops the stuff on to his plate: 'The smell is good, the texture is good.' Whiskas smells revolting, as every cat owner knows, but this woman is a pro. For the ultimate in the new professional ordinariness, check out the Aquafresh toothpaste ads where an entire real-life family lolls frothily on the sofa, giving a brilliant performance as a happy, average family.

Perhaps they've all been taking lessons from the soothing ordinariness of breakfast television. It's a strange kind of escapism here, into a world that is just as banal as your own, but which you can't touch or participate in, yet it works. McLuhan was right; television does make you feel involved with other people, but in a bizarrely selective way. On **Good Morning Britain** (ITV), the really hot item has been the diet of Diana Dors. The news flashes come and go, bringing crises and dramas from all over the world – and the only vivid memory I have is of Diana, robed in shocking pink, majestically ascending the scales.

I even got involved in the second episode of **A Married Man** (C4). Based on Piers Paul Read's tale of a barrister's mid-life cri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sis, this is archetypal middlebrow 'serious' drama, complete with solemn voice-over, nice carpets and lengthy pauses. At heart, however, it's really a male soap opera, and that's where the fascination comes in.

The scenes where Anthony Hopkins was rejected by a young girl were truly painful, and it was a surprise to see a man being sexually humiliated – although I'm told it happens sometimes. But having touched us with this helpless compulsion, it couldn't leave well enough alone. In came the voice-over, quoting Tolstoy: 'Life is a series of increasing sufferings . . .' Just because the girl didn't turn up? Male soap opera is wonderfully egocentric: you wouldn't find the dramatic account of a menopausal housewife confusing her sufferings with the fate of the world.

PONDEROUSNESS is creeping into the world of the American sit-com, too. After the success of *Barney Miller* and *Lou Grant* with their mix of humour, drama and (in very soft focus) social issues, you can't switch on without encountering A Problem. And, just as in the movies, in the series that come out of Hollywood's TV studios these issues are fudged or quite surreally mishandled. **Archie Bunker's Place** (C4), starring the American version of Alf Garnett, is a spin-off which takes Archie out of his blue-collar home into running a bar with a Jewish liberal: 'The Odd Couple' meets Damon Runyon.

The Problem in last week's episode was a friendly neighbourhood prostitute: should they stop her plying her trade in the bar? After a lot of moving close-ups, and wry pathos, they kicked her out, but it finished cheerfully when they decided to send her flowers to soften the blow. End of problem. Maybe the story will continue next episode; if not, I shudder for the screenwriters' souls.

What a relief to fall back into the world of **I Love Lucy** (C4). Now there was magical ordinariness, or rather a perfect blend between the stolid good sense of Fred and Ethel and the flamboyant dreams of Ricky and Lucy: a second-string nightclub singer and a fading show-girl. They caught the spirit of struggling showbiz hopefulness so perfectly that I never could believe Lucille Ball was a studio tycoon, or that she and Desi Arnaz had a vicious court battle over the ownership of Desi-lu Productions.

This episode was an eery one, with Ricky and Lucy trying to get the actor who played Superman (a showbiz acquaintance of Ricky's) to come to their son's birthday party. On ITV, the same evening, was the **Royal Premiere: Superman III.** During the standard exchange of idiocies, Christopher Reeve, patiently charming, said he never wanted to do the part again. For the first time in years I remembered sitting in the back seat of a car, at six, and hearing on the radio that the actor who played Superman had shot himself. It must have been the same actor who guested on *I Love Lucy*. He was immortal, you see: for a generation of North American children, it was our first encounter with death. □

DESIGN
Jules Lubbock

Fruits of education

A RECLINING chair that looks like a mad saddler's bondage fantasy, with braided whip, straps and a bounteous display of rawhide, was one exhibit at this year's degree show of industrial design at the Royal College of Art. Perhaps it was a celebration of foxhunting and the mass slaughter of animals for human consumption; maybe it was an ironical comment; or did it serve some altogether different pupose?

The RCA is Britain's leading centre for postgraduate training in design, to which, it is supposed, the most brilliant graduates go to refine their skills in designing products which will make British industry competitive. It has university status, and the course lasts three years, so this artefact was the equivalent of a Ph.D. thesis. The student was able enough; I simply have my doubts that he had received any instruction, a suspicion confirmed by other exhibits – such as a canary cage in the shape of a black cat, a pair of voyeur's shoes with mirrors on the toe-caps for peering up girls' skirts, and a walking stick with retractable feather for tickling their fannies! These were the fruits of a £5m. annual investment.

At the Central School of Art and Design, on the other hand, a graduate student after a two-year course, has made a device for relieving acute hay fever, with applications for protecting industrial workers in toxic atmospheres. It supplies filtered air to the nostrils and creates an air barrier around the face and eyes. Because people refuse to wear unsightly gas-masks the jet and pump are modelled upon the elegant imagery of the Sony Walkman.

Other ingenious prototypes on show include a safer meat-slicer, which reduces the danger of chopped-off finger tips. The admirable undergraduate designer of the latter, Nigel Goode, discovered that no fewer than 30 per cent of machinery accidents in the distributive trades were caused by these machines – which is a thought to bear in mind when next you buy a quarter-pound of pulverised animal flesh at your local deli. There was also an electrically focused hospital microscope with a visual display unit for measurement, which takes much of the eye-strain out of medical diagnosis.

The products of these two colleges, rather than personalities, ought to form the background for discussion of the crisis at the RCA brought to a head by the resignation of Lionel March, after only two years of his five-year appointment as Rector. He was appointed to make the RCA more responsive to industry, and resigned in a fit of pique, it seems, because he failed to convince the professorial sinecurists that they ought to do a little teaching.

Design, and hence design education, is a serious matter. The commercial point of view, personally espoused by the Prime Minister (who claims to assess the economic health of nations by the design of their lamp-posts) is that design is for profit.

From a socialist perspective design is if anything more central, and the key to a socialist reform of industrial production. Given the contingencies of fashion and competitive production, the designer is less concerned with socially useful products than with superficial restyling of lethal machinery like motorcars and meat-slicers. The designer is a key figure in the division of labour, who reports to management, and pre-empts the creativity of the workforce. A socialist approach to design might follow the lines suggested by the Lucas Combine (See Wainwright and Elliott, *The Lucas Plan*, Allison & Busby).

The chief problem with the RCA is that it is responsible to neither view of industry, unlike the Central which is potentially adaptable to both. So what ought to be done? One solution would be to appoint a toughy like Peter Parker, who might succeed in sorting out the professorial barons. But is that the best answer? Is there, in fact, any need for a purely graduate school of design at all? Most good degree courses are already customer orientated, and the vast majority of successful designers have gone straight into practice after a first degree. Indeed it is questionable whether there is need for any design education. Some countries, like Italy, with a brilliant post-war record in industrial design have no design schools. William Morris was not a trained designer. The British problem is that manufacturers are too pig ignorant to exploit our designers' skills to competitive advantage. On purely economic grounds £5m a year could be better spent educating managers.

On the other hand, design raises major issues because it is central to the production of the physical equipment of our lives, and hence to the values inherent in our society. Designers, however, are trained to solve problems and to slot unquestioningly into their industrial roles; they are not encouraged to reflect critically upon design as an institution; they are not really educated.

Among this week's contributors:

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS is the Washington correspondent of the *Nation*.

BASIL DAVIDSON's many books about Africa include *The Liberation of Guiné, Discovering Africa's Past* and *Africa in Modern History*.

PREMEN ADDY, who teaches Modern Indian and Asian History, contributed an essay on 'Society and Politics in Bengal' to a Penguin anthology, *Explosion in a Subcontinent*.

PATRICIA CRAIG is the co-author of *You're a Brick, Angela* and *Women and Children First*.

KEN WORPOLE is Associate Editor of *History Workshop Journal*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This could suggest a quite different role for the RCA, as a higher institute for design research, experimental, free-wheeling, multi-disciplinary and not purely customer-orientated, intellectually imaginative as well as practical, with visiting fellowships of limited tenure. Failing that it ought to be closed down. □

THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

Lurkers

The Fawn
JOHN MARSTON *Cottesloe*
Loving Reno
SNOO WILSON *Bush*
Little Lies
JOSEPH GEORGE CARUSO *Wyndhams*

Unwise, if you were a character in a Jacobean play, to talk too frankly to a passing friar or jester: he would all too probably turn out to be a duke in disguise. Indeed, a chief recreation of the European princeling in former days would seem to have been to don a cowl, cap and bells, or some other camouflage, and skulk in annexes and alleyways with the Renaissance equivalent of a dictaphone, recording the dire events unfurling around him and sometimes managing to influence them. The most celebrated example of the type is of course to be found in *Measure for Measure*; but Marston's d''es, too, liked to wangle themselves into places where they could safely watch 'corruption boil and bubble until it o'erran the stew'. Altofronto does precisely that in his best-known (and best) play, *The Malcontent*, and is rewarded with the crown that had been stolen from him. So does Hercules, Duke of Ferrara, in **The Fawn**.

Faunus or Fawn, meaning flatterer, is the name and disguise he adopts in the court of Urbin, to which his son Tiberio has preceded him as his marriage-broker. It quickly becomes evident to him, however, that the East Italian computer dating service has made a serious error. The Duke of Urbin's daughter, Dulcimel, is far more interested in Tiberio than in the prospect of the gnarled embraces of Hercules and, with a resourcefulness and gusto remarkable in a heroine of the period, she manipulates the boy into bed and wedlock. The joke is that her chosen ruse is to use her father as unknowing go-between, rather as Phebe uses Silvius to woo Rosalind in *As You Like It*. This old boy fancies himself a very canny, clever sort, not to be deceived by what Dulcimel tells him is Tiberio's treacherous plot to elope with her; yet all he manages to do, as she has correctly calculated, is to pass on to the young man precise instructions of how, where and when to carry her off. Some have spotted in him resemblances to the Wisest Fool in Christendom and, given that ruler's unpopularity in 1606, they may well be right.

But the Duke of Urbin is only one example of what the play, less scathing than *Measure for Measure*, lighter by far than *The Malcontent*, defines less as corruption, more as folly. Indeed, the prototype for Monty Python's Silly Party would appear to hold sway in the high councils of Urbino. Benignly watched by the fatuous Duke and his near-moronic chief adviser, the nob class squanders its days in one sexual stupidity after another: swearing eternal devotion to all the women, boasting of conquests that never occurred, subjecting perfectly loyal wives to lunatic tests of their fidelity. This last stupidity, with James Hayes a bug-eyed voyeur and Jessica Turner the innocent object of his pornographic imaginings, leads to the liveliest, funniest scene in what is, however, a rather wordy, predictable play, lacking the deftness and punch one looks for in effective satire.

In spite of the efforts of Karl Johnson, prinking and smirking in a doublet of outrageous pink, and of Miranda Foster, a very peppy princess, and of Bernard Lloyd, radiating genial charisma from behind the beard that is supposed to render his ducal jowls instantly unrecognisable – in spite (or perhaps sometimes because) of all the rollicking and cavorting of Giles Block's cast, I recurrently found my attention seeping away, my critical teeth hankering for something solider to bite on. *The Fawn* is an intermittently engaging curiosity, no more. Isn't it time for a major revival of *The Malcontent* itself?

'ICARUS wanted to fly closer to the sun: it didn't matter who he plucked the feathers from to fly.' These rather callous words come, or rather flaunt, out of the mouth of the latest of Snoo Wilson's swaggering grotesques, a South American magician, polo-pony owner, megalomaniac, sadist, and exploiter of his kith and kin; and what gives them special edge is that the feathers in question have been plucked from his two daughters, each of whom turns out to have succumbed to his incestuous demands. Indeed, the younger girl has been reduced to a dazed simpleton, who dimples and simpers around the stage with a noose she constantly looks like using on herself. This is an analysis and an exposé of the unreconstructed will, the rampaging humanoid, superficially similar to the demolition job Mr Wilson recently did on Aleister Crowley, but this time couched in terms of comic nightmare: a form (if you can call it a form) to which his gaudy imagination and rococo sense of humour are well suited, but also a form with its obvious limitations. His monster-magus is played by Philip Donaghy with brusque, unsmiling authority, very amusing to see and hear. But should we really be able to shrug off him and his domestic atrocities as easily as, finally, the mood and tone of the evening impel us to do?

Little Lies is really Pinero's *Magistrate*, not vastly improved by editing, reshaping, and the replacement of the owner of a raffish restaurant by someone nearer the madame of a brothel. The source of the fun is that both the beak of the original title and his superior wife are in peril of having their separate (and relatively innocent) visits to this place exposed; but the expected laughter isn't generated at Wyndhams, partly because Connie Booth is insufficiently stately and therefore hasn't far enough to fall, partly because John Mills can't begin to match the subtlety and intensity of panic that Alistair Sim, with his distraught camel-face, brought to the male lead a few years back.

Several of the cast seek to compensate by blundering into each other or the door, striking high-comical attitudes, and otherwise trying to be frightfully funny. It is depressing. Indeed it only illustrates their collective desperation. A feverish yet forlorn evening. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2780 **Set by Snubbin**

In *The Loved One*, Aimée Thanatogenos asks Dennis Barlow what Hogmanay is. 'People being sick on the pavement in Glasgow,' he replies. Supply, please, equally down-to-earth definitions of any other festival or holiday; or, for the matter of that, any organisation, institution or establishment. Up to five tries each, but strictly no more, by 5 August.

No 2777 **Set by F. R. Spofforth**

Verse including the following words: curlicue, pungent, megaphone, frolic, splutter, breakfast, ecstasy, burning, thumb, lawn, midnight, suffragette, turret, squeamish, railway, brush.

Report **By Toby Jugge**

Ms de Meaner has been carted off in an ambulance (a touch of sunstroke, I'm told), so we have been able to release poor Snubbin from the durance vile in which she had so brutally placed him. To cheer the lad up, we've allowed him to set another comp. As for this week's effort, fair-to-middling is the inescapable verdict. Not your fault, really, since it was a pretty awkward collection of words. Nine quid apiece for the winners, and a cut in pay for Spofforth.

Each *lawn* and *turret* of her home
Is gall to this sweet English rose;
Sooner the *suffragette*'s *megaphone*
Than *curlicues* and furbelows.

At *midnight*, as the house-guests *frolic*,
And young bloods *splutter* on champagne,
She washes calmly with carbolic,
Then jumps beneath a *railway* train.

At dawn, a porter wets his *brush*
And coolly jerks a *squeamish thumb*;
He fails to comprehend the flush,
The *ecstacy*, of martyrdom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At *breakfast*, 'midst the *pungent* smell
Of devilled kidneys, father, turning
To face his wife, declares: 'The gel
Was potty. Bates! The toast is *burning*!'

PETER NORMAN

The Chauvinist slept – but someone, tossing and turning,
Leapt from a *turret* on high in the *midnight* sky
In wild diabolical *ecstacy* whirling, *burning*,
Shrieking as if through a thunderous *megaphone*, 'Die!'
He felt it *brush* his cheek – he shuddered and woke:
Squeamish, he rushed to the window – but, in the dawn,
What spiralling firework, under what *pungent* smoke,
Had scrawled that pitchblack *curlicue* on his *lawn*?

He missed his *breakfast*. Speeding in his Rolls-Royce,
He heeded not its engine's ominous *splutter*:
He thought of a jerking *thumb*, a whispering voice,
A heartless *frolic*, something tossed in a gutter . . .
Reckless over a *railway* viaduct driving,
In fumes of petrol, lighting a last cigarette.
To fiery doom he hurtled, whirling and diving –
Such was the vengeance of the *Suffragette*!

GINA BERKELEY

His First May Ball

He had danced on the *lawn* with Diana, the *ecstasy* rising like sap,
But he moved in a *curlicue* manner, dislocating his *thumb* in her strap.
Then he trod on a Doctor of New Hall who'd once been a young *suffragette*,
Got somewhat involved in a few mauls with some skinheads he tried to beset.
Through a *megaphone*, in a coarse *splutter*, he swore at the Master and Dean
While relieving himself in the gutter, which the *squeamish* found faintly obscene.
He then had a *brush* with a porter whom he put in a *burning* hot rage.
(Remarks in poor taste on his daughter made him roar like a beast in a cage.)
At *midnight* he hoisted his trousers like a flag from a *turret* at King's
He spilt drink down a number of blouses and indulged in some *frolic* and flings.
He ate like a man with no tummy, gorging again and again.
When the *railway* returned him to Mummy, he stuffed even more on the train.
By *breakfast* he'd stuffed such a packet he hardly had use of his legs
And he had down the front of his jacket
Something *pungent* that looked like chopped eggs.

N. J. WARBURTON

We come from haunt of club and bar,
At *midnight*, full of *frolic*
My *pungent-burning* cheap cigar
Brings *splutter* alcoholic.

With chorus raised in *ecstasy*
We *curlicue* for home
And wager who'll be first to see
A *lawn* with Tom *Thumb* gnome.

A *brush* with three large *railway* cops,
'Oi! Eff off home to *breakfast*!'
Like *megaphone* from *turret*-top's
A hint the *squeamish* take fast.

We lack the nerve of *suffragette*
To cock a snook at coppers,
We'd need to be much tougher a set
Than drunk suburban poppas.

GERRY HAMILL

FIRST PERSON

Anna Coote

On the other hand

I ALWAYS SWORE I'd never work in television, but it got to me in the end. It was quite a wrench. From the dusty corridors of Great Turnstile (as it then was) and the leafy calm of Lincoln's Inn Fields to a converted wash-house trapped between recession-hit Olympia and the main approach to the M4. Gone are the ghosts of Webb and Martin, the leisurely traditions of Bloomsbury and the New Left. In their place, orange swivel chairs on plump chromium castors, clip boards, computers, the tyranny of statute law and the crazy race for commissions from Channel Four.

And crushing anonymity. Most people have heard of the *New Statesman*, even if they've never read it. I can't say I minded the little burrs of prestige that stuck to me when I was its deputy editor. Now I edit a half-hour news programme called *The Friday Alternative*. On a good week its audience outnumbers the *New Statesman*'s readership by ten to one – but what does that weigh without history or reputation? The critics ignore the slot. The viewers may or may not notice it, momentously changing the grammar of the medium, as they go about their chores or eat their evening meal: just one of many factual half-hours, produced by one of several small, independent companies, for one of four television channels.

However small a dent we make in the public consciousness, we are nevertheless bound by special statute – the Broadcasting Act – whose purpose is to limit the way we make our programme. A weekly phone call from our commissioning editor inquires about each story we are working on, concerned not just with quality but with a particular concept of 'impartiality'. We're supposed to be 'balanced': neither too left-wing nor too right-wing. You don't need a degree from Glasgow University to work out what that means, but the broadcasting authorities have been slow to grasp the point that being consistently middle-of-the-road is a politically partial position.

On *The Friday Alternative* we have a problem with this requirement, since our aim is to question established criteria for selecting news and conventional notions of 'balance'. We analyse the way the BBC and ITN deal with events; we try to buck the consensus and exhibit other points of view. Hence the tag 'Alternative'. But is it possible to be alternative and meet the IBA test of impartiality? When we deliver our gnat-bites, the boys at the top get angry. A common response has been to accuse us of left bias, even when we are reflecting views held by large numbers of Tory voters, for example, that no one should earn more than £25,000 a year. Early this year, after a programme about TV coverage of the Falklands war, Channel Four declared that it was getting very difficult to keep us in the schedules.

In broadcasting, unlike print, there is not much room for politically committed journalism. The only safe place to be is the corporatist centre – where you blend in with the local vegetation. In our outfit, where we are supposed to be challenging the consensus, staying 'in the schedules' is a jagged experience – whatever our politics happen to be. Our defence against accusations of bias has been to give programme time to areas of public opinion that are unpopular not only with the consensus inside television, but with the Left as well. And (since we accuse conventional programme-makers of doing so) we try not to impose our own unconscious biases.

Thus, we have broadcast items about the majority view on capital punishment, about the education policy of the radical right, about the problems faced by small businesses and private landlords, and about the attitudes of white people to black people and *vice versa*.

I care about the programme staying on the air, not because I'm desperate to keep my job (sometimes I think I need it like a hole in the head), but because I think television badly needs programmes that puncture its overblown complacency. But – like most of my colleagues – I find myself wondering where to draw the line between pioneering a new concept of objectivity and sticking up for my personal convictions. When the Greenham Common protest was at its height, many of us were in sympathy with it, yet at the time it seemed to be receiving full and fair coverage from the main news programmes. So what was the role of an alternative news slot? Should we buck the consensus by putting the view that the women were wrong? I, for one, couldn't stomach that. There were no such dilemmas on the good old *Statesman*. Had I been working with ITN (fat chance), I presume I'd have had a straight fight between my conscience and my career. Here, though, there's another set of principles to defend (which are embodied, however imperfectly, in the programme), and they can tangle painfully at times with views I hold dear.

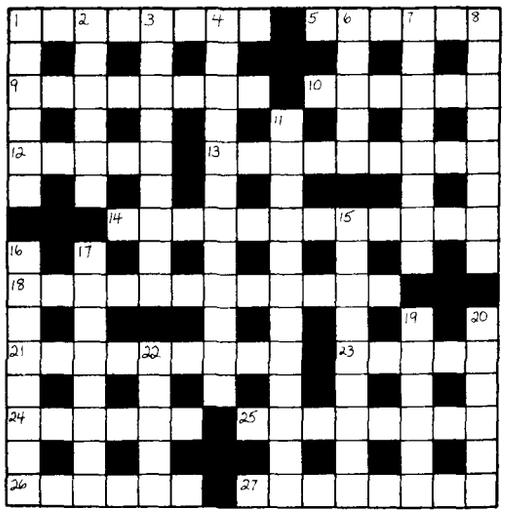
If broadcasting operated more like print, we might tell the authorities to go to hell and set up our own broadcasting station. But, unlike paper, airwaves are available only on licence. Either we get out and leave the way clear for the consensus. Or we stay in and play the game.

At least we can try and change the rules. If television shook off its obsession with the Other Hand, and instead allowed a wide diversity of explicitly political programmes; and if the notion of 'impartiality' were redefined so that it reached beyond the balance of views represented at Westminster, we might have something that disturbed the Left almost as much as the Right or Centre. It might also be worth watching. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend Crossword 1408

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1408, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 2 August.



Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

ACROSS

1. Bird that spends its old age in the shell! (8)
5. In seconds a quarrel results in people having been killed. (6)
9. Study trips essential for geographers. (8)
10. Magazine with an article on student finances. (6)
12. As a girl one is in bloom. (5)
13. Getting rid of a sound in one French record. (9)
14. Be consistent and kill to win a woman. (4,8)
18. A dog shivers in pain. (12)
21. The big room possibly holds fifty-one but the result is confusion. (9)
23. Open space used by big lad entering opponent's half. (5)
24. Financial advantage is in favour of the healthy. (6)
25. Mental exercise inappropriate for Henry VIII? (8)
26. Female without a saying for old age. (6)
27. Wrongly read about others being taken into custody. (8)

DOWN

1. See about an animal being locked up. (6)
2. Man who makes his home with the queen. (6)
3. This animal roamed about in the desert. (9)
4. Crude mug smashed by one being churlish. (12)
6. Animal which displays chest in gratitude. (5)
7. Window which provides escape carrying article. (8)
8. Shocks when an oval body rises in the firmament. (8)
11. Close friend who is free or bold when in trouble. (12)
15. The appearance of Greece men changed. (9)
16. Saved by having the manuscript priced wrongly. (8)
17. Disease which makes an association go underground. (8)
19. Being religious in the old days meant being a Catholic. (6)
20. Asked for food in bed. (6)
22. Still due to turn up without a victory. (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1406

Prizewinners to 1406

Mary Bloomfield (London N12)
David Gibon (Wirral)
Ron Southey (Deal, Kent)

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-251 5487
Deadline for ads – Normally noon Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates **Lineage:** for private 'Lonely Hearts' ads under Personal – £1.60 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.20).
For all other classifications – £1.70 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.40). First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service – U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7.30 per single column centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. – £21.90). **Special rate for charities – £6.30 per s.c.c.** (min. 3 s.c.c. £18.90).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation.

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to:
CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
Telex – 28449.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. ..... at the above address

Accommodation Vacant

COTTAGE ON Scottish island to let, for winter months. £12 p.w. Would suit writer. Box 6214.

N4. 2 ROOMS on first and second floors of maisonette. Share kitchen/bathroom. £100 per month. Female 25-40 preferred. 01-272 4658, Monday-Wednesday.

WANDSWORTH. Interesting garden flat (good piano). Suit couple, £50 p.w. Mid-August for one year while I teach in China. 01-874 0117.

Wanted

WOMAN & CHILD urgently require good unfurnished accommodation in Brighton/Hove. Housekeeping, child-care/driving offered, or rent. Box 6275.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

Holidays/Travel

B. & B. £8, pleasant South Coast area, caring household. Stubbington 662067.

HOSPITALITY & COMFORT Welsh Hills. Dinner, B&B, £60 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, Gwynedd LL27 0QA. Tel: (0492) 640 566.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 10 Barleymow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

RELAX & BE CREATIVE in the Cotswolds. Painting, yoga and dance 19-24 Aug. £100. Design your own programme. London Arts Workshop, Freepost W4 1BR. 01-994 2311.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe Street, London E17. Tel: 01-520 7911.

ALBANIA £190 17-30 Sept.

Hotel at Durres Beach supplies full board and a fine series of excursions to TIRANA, BERAT, KRUJA, SKODER, ELBASAN at moderate prices

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

PIGNALE 20-29 August £135

visiting

VENICE, VERONA and DOLOMITES

We stay here because Baedeker's Guide says Pignale gives the best view of Lake Garda

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

MOSCOW £180, KIEV £170: 13-23 Aug.

By SLEEPER EXPRESS, Budapest/Moscow
FULL BOARD & SIGHT-SEEING INCLUDED

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF SIX

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

ZAKOPANE & KRAKOW, 31 July-10 August £180

Superb scenery in the TATRA MOUNTAINS
FULL BOARD AT HOTEL
INCLUDES fine sightseeing programme

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Events

The Shaw Society's Tribute to GBS
Studio '68 of Theatre Arts
London presents:

Karin Fernald in

'Passion, Poison & Petrification'
(or the Fatal Gazogene)
dir. Ellen Pollock
Preceded by:
BENNY GREEN, TONI KANAL & ELLEN POLLOCK in

'A TICKET FOR MR SHAW: 'The Critic at Large'

23 & 24 July, 6.30 pm
Shaw's Corner
Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts
Adm. at door £1.50
(Concessions £1)
Refreshments
Details Welwyn Garden 31887

Courses

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

Offers summer study programmes in a most attractive Florentine setting. There are Italian language courses at all levels, Italian Renaissance lecture courses and Drawing courses. Splendid library and premises in central Florence. Accommodation arranged if required.

Prospectus and full details from:
David Rundle, The Director
British Institute
Lungarno Guicciardini 9, FLORENCE
Tel: 010-39 55 284 031

Literary

YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED & Sold by a British Publisher. Details: New Horizon (NS), 25 Station Road, Bognor Regis, W. Sussex.

Records

MONGOLIAN NOSE FLUTES? Not yet but we're trying. For all Third World 'Ethnic' Records, including Pan-Pipes, African Tribal, Gamelan, Gagaku, Indian Ragas. Free catalogue s.a.e. to: Triple Earth Records, (Dept MRS1), 4 Bedford Rd, London W4 1JJ.

For Sale

GRUNDIG OFFICE DICTATION system for sale. Three Grundig Stenorette and Stenorette L dictation/transcription machines, complete with microphones, headsets, all leads etc. £75 o.n.o. Tel: 01-253 2001 ext. 213 or New Statesman Box 6280.

THE ECONOMIST

Complete historical collection of the Economist from April 1937 to June 1975 (unbound). All offers considered for urgent disposal.

Please telephone **01-253 2001** ext. 213 or write New Statesman, Box 6281.

Personal

ANGLO-FRENCHMAN, 60, from Croydon, wishes to meet lady for caring companionship, concerts, plays, and tea for two. Box 6234.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

AUSTRALIAN PEN PAL service. Discreet and reliable, details: P.O. Box 258, Ringwood 3134, Vic., Aust. (2IRCs appreciated).

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DEPENDABLE, PROFESSIONAL bloke, 32, Indian, seeks intelligent female, any nationality. I can make you laugh given a chance. 01-654 2438 eves/weekends. Box 6265.

DOCTOR, 44, shy, lonely, would like to meet woman, for fun and friendship/marriage. Berkshire area. Box 6154.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £45 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

GAY LECTURER, Cheshire, 32, blond, non-scene, seeks genuine, caring professional friend. Interests: music, travel, cinema, politics. 25-45. Box 6271.

GRADUATE MALE, 28, London, idealistic nature, seeks affectionate girl for love and friendship, possibly holiday abroad. Box 6233.

ISOLATED HOMOSEXUAL women read Sequel Magazine. Reply: B/M Sequel, London WC1N 3XX.

LOVING, LOVABLE graduate, 38, earning, living Nottingham, teenaged sons, likes listening, talking, travel, pancakes, seeks warm, thoughtful man. Box 6279.

LOVING, ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, professional woman and mother, thirties, would enjoy sharing music and the countryside with man of integrity, sensitivity and caring. South-West. Box 6278.

MIDDLED-AGED GAY wishes intellectually stimulating relationship, with younger similar. Wide interests. Box 6286.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

SCIENTIST, 37, seeks single, Oriental girl for friendship/marriage. London/Birmingham area. Box 6287.

STUDIOUS, RESPONSIBLE male (22), student at Birkbeck, periodically unemployed, seeks cheapish accom., in socialist intellectual household, on long-term basis. Box 6277.

THE BATES Method for better sight. Taught by Mr Attenborough. 01-874 7337.

UNATTACHED, LIVELY, friendly woman, 40, would like to meet a compatible man. Box 6285.

WARM, FRIENDLY woman, graduate, attractive 40, needs unattached man for friendship/love. Box 6290.

YOUNG MAN, early twenties, seeks beautiful, intelligent female, for love and friendship. Box 6288.

CLASSIFIED AD FORM

Private ads under 'Personal' cost £1.60 per 6 words (min. 12 words – £3.20). All other ads £1.70 per 6 words (min. 12 words – £3.40). Box Nos. £2.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Classification required .....

No. of weeks required .....Remittance enclosed.....

Remittance payable to 'New Statesman'. Send to Classified Ads, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Deadline – 1st post Tuesdays.

LISTINGS

FRI 22 JULY

LONDON Open Meeting on Defence and Disarmament – what do women in London have to say? GLC Women's Committee want to know to help them to promote peace. 7pm at County Hall, York Road, SE1. Creche and sign language interpretation. **For details and information of disabled travel allowance and babysitting and dependant's allowance contact GLC Women's Committee Support Unit 01-633 1038.**

MANCHESTER 'Has Socialism a Future?' Conference at Manchester Poly S.U. Spkrs incl Hilary Wainwright, Jeremy Seabrook, David Rubinstein. **Details and booking Labour Co-ordinating Committee, 9 Poland St, London W1.**

LONDON Benefit for Camden & Haringey Troops Out Movement, APO & The Natives, new Ghanaian Band. 8pm Brabant Rd Centre, Station Rd, N22. £2.50/£1.25 unwaged. Professor Delips Apo says: 'Anyone coming will experience something they have NEVER heard before.' **Org Camden & Haringey ToM.**

LONDON 4th Anniversary of the Nicaraguan Revolution. Celebration 7.30pm Friends House, Euston Road, WC1. £3/£2 unwaged. 'Flight of the Condor' music from 'Los Awatinas', Bolivian folk group, Mauricio Bonilla (Salvadoran folk singer and a NSC speaker. **Org Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign, 20-21 Compton Terr, N1. 01-226 6747.**

LONDON Creation for Liberation – an open exhibition of contemporary black art in Britain. Wkdays 10am-8pm, Sats 10am-6pm, Suns 12-6pm at St Matthews Meeting Place, Brixton Hill, SW2 1JF. **Org Creation for Liberation, 165 Railton Road, SE24 0LU 01-737 2268/2074.**

LONDON ARTS COUNCIL POETRY LIBRARY now moved back to 105 Piccadilly, W1. The most comprehensive and accessible collection of 20th C. poetry in the UK. Mon-Thurs 11am-5pm. Wed and Fri late opening until 7pm.

SAT 23 JULY

LEEDS 4th Annual Co-ops Fair. **Details Co-ops Fair Group, c/o Newham CDA, 55 West Ham Lane, Stratford, London E15. 01-519 2377.**

FINCHLEY Peace Camp to be established by Finchley Women for Peace. **Details Teresa 01-440 3372, Sarah 01-346 7740, Angie 01-445 0522.**

MERTHYR TYDFIL Folk Evening for CND. 8pm Bethesda Community Arts Centre. Bar, singers, live theatre. Tickets 50p from **Anthony Evans 0685-73231.**

GREENHAM International Air Tattoo and STAR '83 arms supermarket at RAF Greenham Common. Campaign Against the Arms Trade is organising a peace vigil, mass leafletting and symbolic reclaiming of the base. **Details Rob Watling 0978 350 105 or Owen Hardwick 0978 356 969.**

WOOD GREEN Irish Solidarity Day of Action. Open Air Rally and Exhibition, 2-4pm outside Wood Green Library. Social 7.30pm Camden Labour Club, Carol St, NW5. **Org London Irish Solidarity Committees, BM Box 4835, London WC1N 3XX.**

MON 25 JULY

HAMMERSMITH Half-price Book Sale until end of July to make room for new stock arriving 1 August. Tues-Suns 12-8pm daily. Bookshop, Riverside Studios, Crisp Road, Hammersmith, W6. **01-741 2251.**

LONDON Film Festival – Third World Films of Struggle 7.30pm at Africa Centre, 38 King Street, WC2. £2.50/UB40 £1.50. Org Namibia Support Committee/Africa Centre. **Details 01-836 1973.**

TUES 26 JULY

MITCHAM CND meeting 8pm Vestry Hall, London Road, Mitcham. Spkrs Angela Rumbold MP, David Nicholas (Lab) Bruce Douglas-Mann (SDP) **Org Wimbledon Disarmament Coalition Secretary Teresa D'Arcy 01-946 2527.**

BIRMINGHAM 'Drunkenness Offenders – Some Proposals for Change'. One-day conf, 10.30am-4pm. Friends Meeting House, Bull Street. **Details and Application Don Steele, FARE, 3 Grosvenor Crescent, London SW1. 01-235 0600/01-235 0609.**

LONDON 'Communist Tradition on Ireland' a series of monthly forums begins with 'Marx and Engels on Ireland', 7.30pm Camden Labour Club, Carol St, NW1. £5 for series, 75p each. **Details Fight Racism Fight Imperialism. BCM Box 5909. WC1N 3XX.**

WED 27 JULY

WEST LONDON 'Thatcher Part 2 – Building the Fightback'. Local speakers. 7pm The Methodist Church, Lancaster Road, W11. All welcome. **Org West London Socialist Society 01-743 0827.**

LONDON 'Nonviolent Action: the Politics of Love' last of five workshops on non-violence. Spkr Jean Hutchinson, co-founder of Molesworth Peace Camp. 6.45-8.45pm St James's Church, 197 Piccadilly, W1. **Org Dunamis 01-437 6851.**

LONDON GLC Women's Committee Co-ordinating Group meeting. 7pm County Hall, SE1. The meeting will consider nominations for advisory members to cover Child Care, Health, Older women, Planning, Transport, etc. **Details Helen Newland 01-633 1113.**

THURS 28 JULY

BIRMINGHAM Government film 'The Peace Game' followed by debate between The Socialist Party of Great Britain and Peace through NATO. 7.30pm Dr Johnson's House, Bull Street, Birmingham. Adm free. **Org SPGB 021-471 2588.**

FRI 29 JULY

LONDON TO GREENHAM Women's walk for Peace and Disarmament. As well as walkers they need a bus and driver. **Org Women for Life on Earth 01-699 6712.**

LONDON TO GREENHAM Women for Life on Earth Star Marches 1983. **Details 01-699 6712/01-701 4566.** Marches will converge on Greenham from all over the country on Hiroshima Day, 6 August. **For details of other marches: London Greenham Office, 5 Leonards Street EC2 01-251 3133.**

SAT 30 JULY

LONDON Jumble Sale. 2pm The Marchmont Centre, Marchmont St, WC1. Adm 10p/5p OAPs. **Org North London Women's Group, BM Box 4835, WC1N 3XX.**

FORTHCOMING

5/6/7 AUGUST Delegation to Ireland 1983 Troops Out Movement. **Details: Delegation Organising Committee PO Box 353, London NW5 01-250 1293.**

6 AUGUST Dundee Hiroshima Day March and Rally. **Details Scott Wilson, Dundee CND, 78 Bridge St, St Andrews, Fife.**

20 AUGUST Leicester Disarming Arguments – a day workshop on improving techniques of debate and discourse against the bomb. 9.30-5.30pm Students' Union Building, University of Leicester. Adm £1/50p unwaged. **Details Leicester CND, 35 Friar Lane, Leicester 0533-57228.**

17-18 SEPT Glasgow Working Conference called by Polish Solidarity Committee to discuss 'Democratic forms of social organisation in Czechoslovakia 1968 and Poland 1980-81; 'The peace movements in Eastern Europe'; 'Situation of women in Eastern Europe'; 'Developing solidarity with the people of Eastern Europe'. **Details Gordon Morgan, 59 Durward Ave, Glasgow G41 041-649 8958.**

23-25 SEPT Keele '14-18: The New Vocationalism in School and Further Education'. ATSS Annual Conf at The University of Keele, Staffs. **Details: D. Gleeson 0782 621111 Extn. 299. Org. Assoc. for the Teaching of Social Science.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Appointments

BIRMINGHAM TRADES COUNCIL
Invites trade union applicants for the office of

FULL-TIME OFFICER
to be
SECRETARY TO THE COUNCIL

who will be responsible for the everyday running of the Council under the direction of its Executive Committee. Candidates must have extensive trade union, administrative and campaigning experience.

Salary: £7,000-£7,500

Application Forms from: The Secretary, Birmingham Trades Council, 191 Corporation Street, Birmingham B4 6RU. Tel: 021-236 1240

Requests for forms by 27 July 1983

CND REQUIRES TWO FINANCE ADMINISTRATORS

We are looking for two hardworking cheerful people to help in our busy finance dept. Experience of bookkeeping i.e. Purchase ledgers, day books, cashbooks is required. In addition teamwork and a flexible approach together with a commitment to the aims of CND are essential.

Salary £7,200 (includes London Weighting) p.a.

CND is an equal opportunity employer.

Please write or phone Clare Kinnersley, CND, 11 Goodwin Street, London N4. 01-272 0321 for an application form.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD

JOIN A TEAM DEVELOPING RADICAL STRATEGIC ACTION AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT

Sheffield is one of the first local authorities to set up an Employment Committee and Department. Its aim is to co-ordinate everything the City Council can do (alongside trade unions, employers' and community organisations). (i) to prevent further loss of jobs in the City, (ii) to alleviate the worst effects of unemployment and to encourage the development of new skills, (iii) to stimulate new investment, to create new kinds of employment, and to diversify job opportunities, and (iv) to explore new forms of industrial democracy and co-operative control over work.

A permanent vacancy has arisen in the Training for Employment section of the Employment Department, which is responsible for working with City Council Departments and other agencies to develop a specific training policy and plan for key sectors of employment in the city, identifying future skill requirements and promoting tailor-made (re) training programmes.

ADULT TRAINING AND MSC SPECIAL MEASURES OFFICER
POle/f £10,539-£12,738

She/he will be responsible for initiating and developing a co-ordinated City Council strategy in relation to:

(i) MSC and other training agencies on city-based adult training plans,
(ii) MSC schemes for the long-term unemployed, and
(iii) changing employment and training needs.

The City Council has Community Programme Agency status and the successful applicant will be responsible for continuing the development of a 600-place scheme. Additional funding has been made available by the City Council to provide more full-time places and a separate training allowance. Taking into consideration the present financial constraints, it is intended to convert as many of the 600 Community Programme posts as possible into permanent jobs.

The work will involve liaison with other City Council Committees and Departments, trade unions, voluntary organisations and employers.

Whilst maintaining a critical stance, the applicant should be capable of developing a working relationship with the MSC, having proven administrative skills, preferably with experience of training and knowledge of MSC schemes.

Applicants for the post must be committed to working energetically as part of a multi-disciplinary team, trying to mobilise the resources of the local authority and other agencies in developing radical effective measures for tackling the employment problem.

Further details and application forms from: John Benington, Employment Co-ordinator, Sheffield City Council, Employment Department, Palatine Chambers, Pinstone Street, Sheffield S1 2HN. Closing date: 3 August.

It is the policy of the Sheffield City Council to provide equal employment opportunities and consideration will be given to all suitably experienced and qualified applicants, regardless of handicap, sex or race. Proposals will be welcome from applicants who are interested in job sharing.

RE-ADVERTISEMENT
Previous applicants need not apply
NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES

GENERAL SECRETARY
Salary: £10,923

Write in confidence enclosing A4 s.a.e. for a job description and application form to:

The Chairperson, NCCL, 21 Tabard Street, London SE1 4LA
Telephone: 01-403 3888

Closing date for receipt of completed applications:
Monday, 8 August, 1983

NCCL is an equal opportunities employer

Metropolitan Borough of Calderdale

Co-operative Development Fieldworker

Two-year contract
£8,154-£8,712 p.a.

The Authority is to carry out a project over a two-year period to promote the development of Worker Co-operatives in the Upper Valley area of the district, and to this end we are looking for applications for the post of Co-operative Development Fieldworker from persons with business experience plus some expertise in a specialist field such as accountancy or marketing. Applicants should also have a **genuine commitment to, and an understanding of, co-operative ideals and principles based on practical experience rather than academic ideas**, plus an understanding of the training needs of intending co-operators and a readiness to make the best use of whatever resources are available and adapt them as may be necessary.

The duties of the post will include seeking out opportunities for creating jobs by ensuring that the co-operative option is known and published in every possible way, providing advice and information to people wishing to set up worker co-operatives and assisting people to secure finance from the public and private sectors.

Application forms are available from the Chief Executive, Metropolitan Borough of Calderdale, Town Hall, Halifax. Tel. 0422 57257 ext. 3066. Closing date for applications Monday 8 August 1983. For further information, or an informal discussion about the post, please contact: Peter Burton, tel. 0422 57257 ext. 2222.

NAMIBIA SUPPORT COMMITTEE seeks **FULL-TIME WORKER**. Campaigning experience, organisational ability and office skills essential. Interest/experience in any of the following areas an advantage: Labour, Women's, Black, Peace movements. Long hours and low pay. Closing date - 28 July. Apply with full C.V. and names of 2 referees to: NSC, P.O Box 16, London NW5 2LW.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Publications

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

Services

SDP/LIB volunteers required to work with the Centre Party in NW London. Tel: 01-459 6828.

THEATRE

BLOOMSBURY 387 9629
Gordon Street, WC1
SUPER ICHIZA
in
ROCK KABUKI
Until 6 August 7.30 p.m.

COMEDY 930 2578
SWARMING
from Theatre Royal, Stratford
Neil Dunn's first stage play
"laughter, hard truth and compassion" Sun. Times
voted Comedy of the Year '81 (SWET)
Seats £2.50-£6.50

FINBOROUGH THEATRE CLUB 373 3842
Finborough Arms, Finborough Rd, SW10
Alfredo Cordal's Latin American Passion Play
THE LAST JUDGEMENT
27-30 July, 3-6 Aug at 8pm
£2.50 (£1.80)
Transfers to Old Red Lion 9 Aug

NEW END 435 6053
Nichola McAuliffe
"A spellbinding performer" Gdn
in Arnold Wesker's
ANNIE WOBBLER
"Exhilarating" Times, 26 July - 21 August. Tuesday-Friday 8p.m. Saturday/Sunday 5.45p.m. and 8.30p.m.

Join our **FREE** mailing list. Send sae to Dept NS, **THEATRE DESPATCH**, 31 Shelton St., WC2H 9HT

Theatres

APOLLO VICTORIA. HOT LINES 01-828 8665, 01-834 0253, 01-834 6177.
TOPOL
'Super-star' D. Exp.
in
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
'Every detail of this marvellous revival works superbly' Gdn.
'This is family entertainment at its best' D. Mir.
Evgs 7.30 Mats Thu. & Sat. 2.30
LIMITED SEASON
cc Theatre Bkgs Ltd 01-930 9232. Group Sales 01-379 6061. Party Bkgs 01-828 6188.

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795. cc 01-638 8891. Few day seats £4 from 10 a.m. S.
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
Major New Production 'CYRANO DE BERGERAC' to 6 August; from 10 August 'MACBETH' THE PIT 'TARTUFFE' by Moliere to 6 August.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Lorenzaccio', 'Guys and Dolls'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Trojan War will not take Place', 'You can't take it with You'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Beggar's Opera', 'The Fawn'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc – Credit cards; S – Student standby.

Meetings

THEOSOPHY. S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday, 24 July, 8 p.m. informal Q/A Meeting. 'What is Theosophy?' ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Poetry

POEMS INVITED for Poetry Competition. Cash Prizes. Adjudicator Josephine Austin, Editor 'FIRST TIME'. Send s.a.e. Josephine Austin, 80 St Helen's Road, Hastings, E. Sussex, for details.

Secretarial

QUALITY typing. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts. 01-452 6617.

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED